えろまんがせんせい

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eromanga
sensei

エロマンガ先生

4

エロマンガ先生
VS
エロマンガ先生G

伏見つかさ

イラスト■かんざきひろ

電撃文庫

ふ-8-21

エロマンガ先生④

エロマンガ先生VSエロマンガ先生G

伏見つかさ

電撃文庫

9784048693349

1920193005707

ISBN978-4-04-869334-9
C0193 ¥570E

ASCII MEDIA WORKS
アスキー・メディアワークス

KADOKAWA 発行●株式会社KADOKAWA

定価：本体570円
※消費税が別に加算されます

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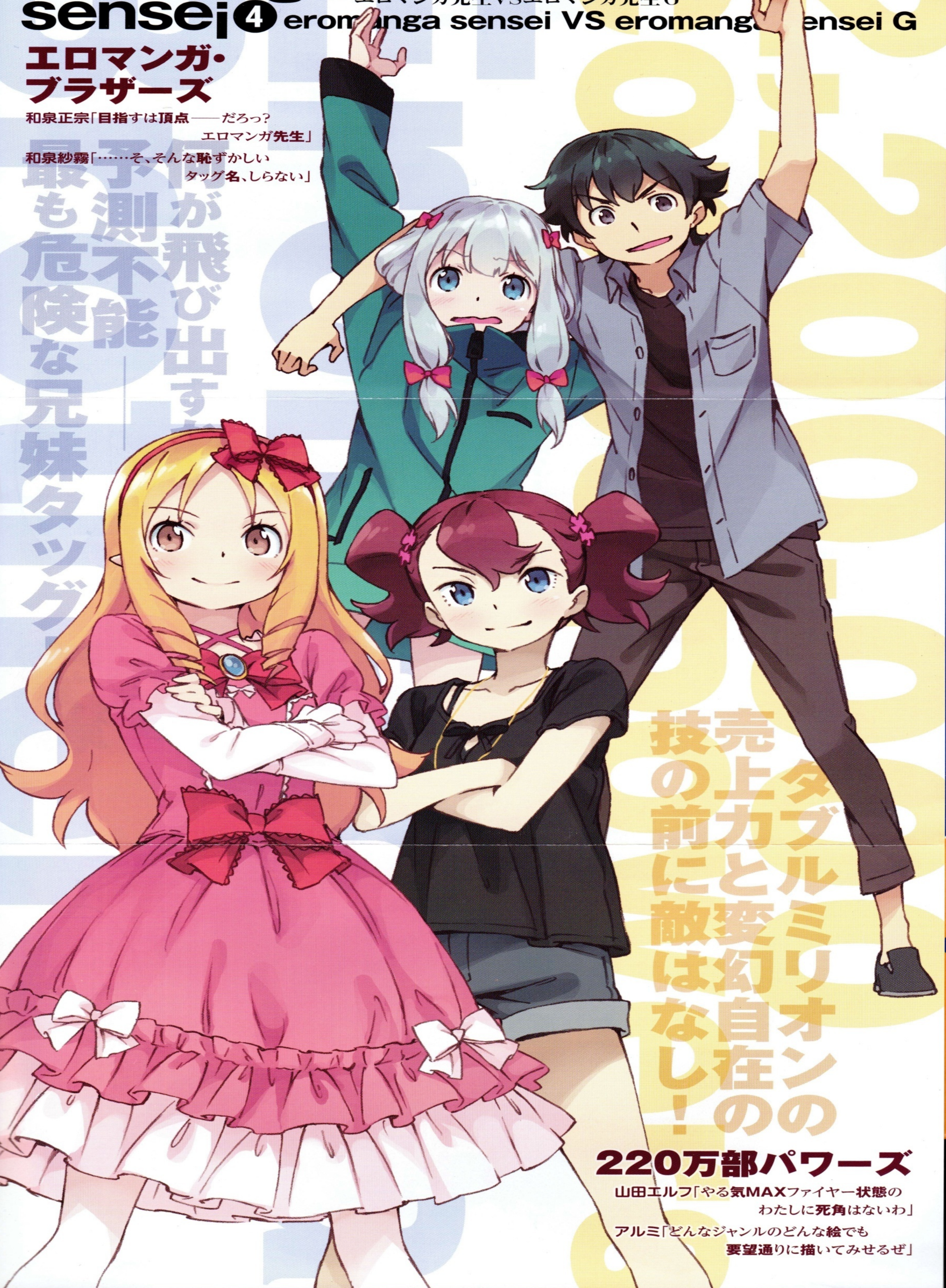
eromanga sensei VS eromanga sensei G



エロマンガ・ブラザーズ

和泉正宗「目指すは頂点——だろっ？
エロマンガ先生」

和泉紗霧「……そ、そんな恥ずかしい
タッグ名、しらない」

何が飛び出す
予測不能——
最も危険な兄妹タッグ！

ダブルミリオンの
売上力と変幻自在の
技の前に敵はなし！

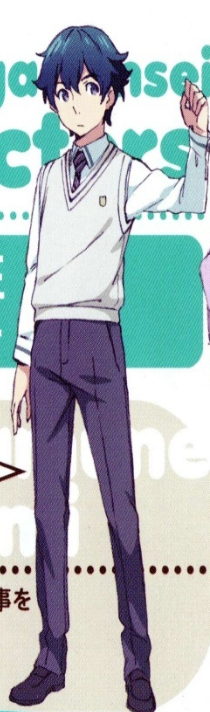
220万部パワーズ

山田エルフ「やる気MAXファイヤー状態の
わたしに死角はないわ」

アルミ「どんなジャンルのどんな絵でも
要望通りに描いてみせるぜ」

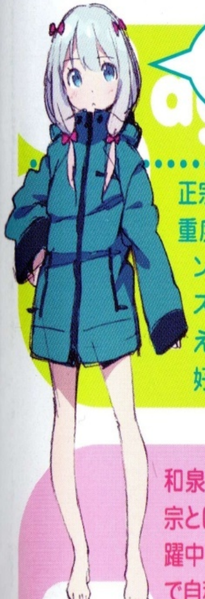
Eromanga sensei Characters

エロマンガ先生 登場キャラクター



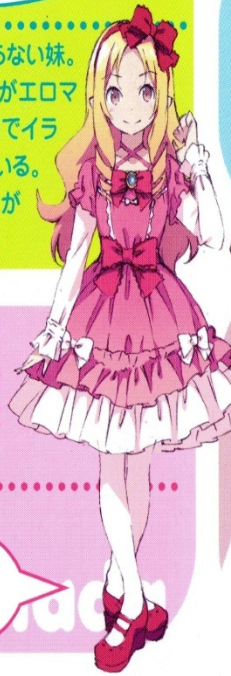
Masamune Izumi
和泉正宗（いずみ・まさむね）

高校に通いながら小説家の仕事をしている。PNは和泉マサムネ。引きこもりの妹がいる。



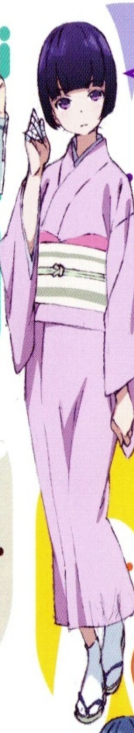
Sagiri Izumi
和泉紗霧（いずみ・さぎり）

正宗の、血のつながらない妹。重度の引きこもりだがエロマンガ先生というPNでイラストレーターをしている。えっちな絵を描くのが好き。



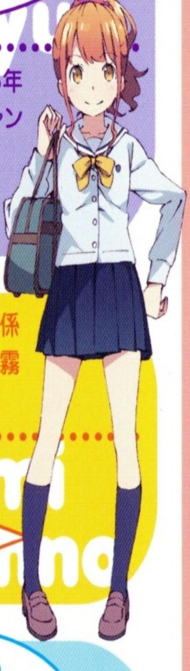
和泉家のお隣さん。正宗とは別の出版社で活躍中の超売れっ子作家で自称、大小説家（グレーター・ノベリスト）。

Elf Yamada
山田エルフ(PN)（やまだ・えるふ）



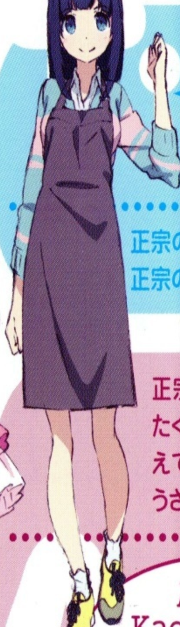
Muramasa Senjyu
千寿ムラマサ(PN)（せんじゅ・むらまさ）

正宗と同じ出版社で活動する年下の先輩作家。正宗の大ファンで、彼がプロデビュー前に書いたWEB小説は全て保存している。



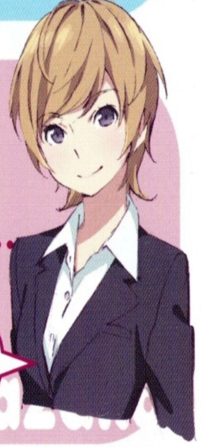
紗霧のクラスメイト。人間関係最強のスーパー委員長で紗霧の天敵。

Megumi Jinno
神野めぐみ（じんの・めぐみ）



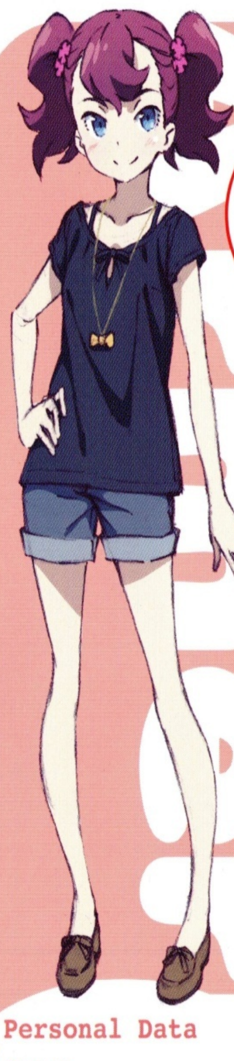
Tomoe Takasago
高砂智恵（たかさご・ともえ）

正宗の同級生で「たかさご書店」の看板娘。正宗の職業を知る異性の友人。



正宗たちの担当編集。たくさんのヒット作を抱えているが、ちょっぴりうさんくさい。

Ayame Kagurazaka
神楽坂あやめ（かぐらざか・あやめ）

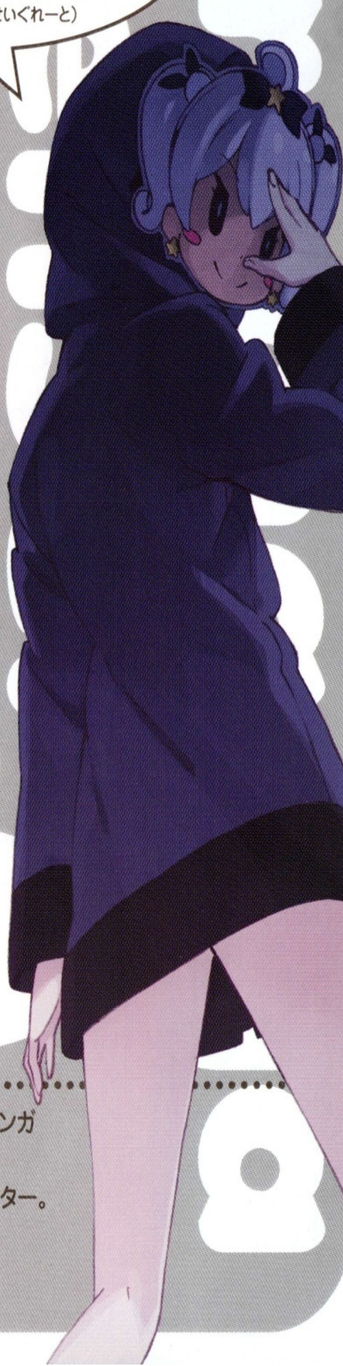


Amelia Armeria
アメリア・アルメリア

Personal Data

PN:アルミ
年齢:?
血液型:A型
趣味:旅行　イラスト　スポーツ全般
その他色々

山田エルフの小説挿絵を担当するイラストレーター。エルフの幼馴染で、とても仲がいい。イラストだけでなく、漫画や絵画、その他様々な方面で活躍しており、なんでも描ける「万能の絵描き」と呼ばれている。



Eromanga sensei Great
エロマンガ先生G(PN)（えろまんがせんせいぐれーと）

Personal Data

年齢:?
血液型:?
趣味:?

“本物”のエロマンガ先生を自称する、凄腕イラストレーター。その正体は謎に包まれている。

えろまんがせんせい

エロマンガ先生

eromanga
sensei

エロマンガ先生
VS
エロマンガ先生G

4

伏見つかさ

イラスト◆かんざきひろ

エロマンガ先生 ero manga sensei ４

第一章

Chapter 1

I’m Izumi Masamune, a novelist who is still going to school.

My pen name is Izumi Masamune, which is basically my real name. For a lot of reasons, I’m now living together with my hikikomori little sister, Izumi Sagiri.

In April, I learned her “real identity”

My little sister – Sagiri

Is also the light novel illustrator, Eromanga-sensei.

Well, let me make it quick then.

First, I and “Eromanga-sensei” spoke to try and clear up the complicated story. We talked about how my little sister is the cutest in the world.

And we talked about our dream that we're both striving for.

Us siblings, who were originally so far apart, had gradually become closer.

And this time --

Let me tell you another story about Eromanga-sensei.

September 12th, inside *the locked room*.

We were facing a Dark Eromanga-sensei.

Inside the room, aside from Sagiri and I, were Muramasa-senpai and Elf, both wearing swimsuits. They came here to act as Eromanga-sensei’s models.

Of course it sounds stupid, but let’s just ignore that for now.

The most important thing here is the computer screen. Which was originally meant to show Eromanga-sensei’s live stream video, but now was showing someone else.

The person wore a coat with an anime mask, so the gender was unclear. Not to mention that the other side was very dark, the screen was unfocused, but I could see a small body frame.

But just that image alone had a special meaning for us.

--- Because that person looked exactly like Eromanga-sensei.

“It’s not me!?”

Of course. If the real one was right next to me then the one on the screen was a fake.

Besides, while the fake Eromanga-sensei on the screen did look somewhat familiar, there were some differences.

From the coat to the anime mask, everything was pitch black.

「Hey, are you watching ---」

He sneered, his voice clearly having gone through a voice changer. Just like Eromanga-sensei’s.

His anime mask also had a smile like any proper antagonists. And his tone fit that role perfectly.

Like a spoiled kid, he laughed and said:

「Are you watching, fake?」

“!?”

I glanced at my little sister. This was clearly aimed at Eromanga-sensei. Sagiri's eyes widened.

"Fake? Are you…talking about me?"

「Yes. You, who stole my name, you fake Eromanga-sensei.」

I don’t know if it was a coincidence or not, but that person looked at Sagiri:

「Listen carefully, fake!」

Then he pointed his finger at himself:

「I'm the real Eromanga-sensei!」

--- And so, the story began.

The room fell silent. Everything was so sudden that we all froze – at least I thought we did.

Turns out someone didn’t.

“What is going on?”

The first person who reacted wasn’t me, Sagiri, nor was it Elf. It was Muramasa-senpai.

She off-handedly went to the screen and picked it up to have a closer look.

"Suddenly someone appeared…and it looks like you see us too….could this be the legendary Super Hacker?." [1]

She acted like a Neanderthal seeing a television for the first time. But don't be fooled by her appearance, she could easily handle sci-fi novels, which meant that she did have a firm understanding of technology.

Still, she didn't even know how to use an ATM.

「Hey hey what are you doing! Suddenly interrupting me like that!」

The one who introduced himself as Eromanga-sensei on the screen yelled.

Unfortunately, my senior wasn't someone who cared about his opinion at all, she just stared at the screen.

"Hey! How did you do that? I want to write it in my novel! Tell me!"

「Listen to me damn it! Wearing a swimsuit in the house? Are you a pervert?」

"Swim, swimsuit….just ignore it! I have a reason!"

She blushed and quickly covered her chest – because of that, the screen almost felt to the ground. But that also broke the sinister atmosphere for a moment, which allowed me to realize something.

"He can see us!?"

"Ah!"

Hearing that, Sagiri quickly put her mask on – but it was probably too late.

My little sister's real face was seen by an unknown stranger, making me even more worried.

「That? You're correct.」

---

[1] From the Visual Novel Stein Gate.

The black illustration acknowledged.

“You said you’re the real Eromanga-sensei? What is the meaning of this?”

Elf’s shouting pulled us back to the situation at hand.

“……”

Sagiri – Eromanga-sensei quietly looked at the screen. Due to the mask, no one knew what her true expression was like.

I turned back to the screen and shouted:

“You’re the fake! The one who's been drawing for my novels – definitely wasn't you!”

I saw Sagiri draw those perverted, lovely illustrations with my own eyes!

Both now and in the past – those were the drawings of our dream! How could that Eromanga-sensei be a fake!?

Elf also arrogantly added:

“That’s right! To be able to draw such perverted, lovely illustrations, this Eromanga-sensei's real! Even if you claim otherwise, no publisher would believe you!”

Yes. All we needed to do was contact the publisher and ask for Eromanga-sensei’s contact information and identity. Even if someone claimed otherwise, we would know immediately – just like now.

That was what Elf meant.

Muramasa-senpai also added,

“Yes. She’s the real Eromanga-sensei. Otherwise Masamune-kun would have been mine long ago.”

"No!"

If Sagiri didn't come down back then, maybe I really would have become Senjyu Muramasa’s personal novelist.

Senpai also believed that Sagiri was Eromanga-sensei.

Me too.

「That wasn’t what I meant!」

The Black Eromanga-sensei shook his head and looked depressed.

「The one who is using the penname Eromanga-sensei right now is definitely her, there's no doubt about that. But that wasn't what I meant! 」

“So what are you trying to say?”

「Long ago, there was another Eromanga-sensei…who was a very good illustrator…but not anymore.」

“!”

「That was the first Eromanga-sensei – and then---」

He pointed at Sagiri:

「She’s only the second generation!」

Sagiri is the second Eromanga-sensei?

“…..”

Actually, I myself also had a lot of doubts regarding Sagiri’s penname.

So…that was the reason? Because she inherited the penname from the first Eromanga-sensei?

…I unconsciously accepted this theory and glanced at her.

“…Sagiri…”

My question almost came out, but I managed to hold back.

Unlike her panicked state before, now my little sister emitted a terrifying aura.

Her voice – through the voice changer – rang:

“Who are you?”

Two masked personas stared at each other. The air between them froze, sparks flying everywhere.

“How could you – know about you?”

Those words were close to her real characteristics.

After a while, the other answered:

「The first Eromanga-sensei was my master. So I knew about your identity too.」

“-------“

Sagiri’s shoulders trembled. My eyes also widened.

If that was real – then he knew that the Eromanga-sensei who was cooperating with me was Sagiri?

「Anyway, I’m the only rightful successor of Eromanga-sensei’s skill.」

“Rightful…successor?” Sagiri muttered.

「Yes. One and only, got it?」

The black illustrator repeated and then pointed at himself:

「Anyway, I’m the real Eromanga-sensei----」

「My name is Eromanga-sensei the Great!」

He proudly announced his name.

“What was that?”

Elf quickly covered her mouth and turned to me in surprise:

“Masamune, did you hear? He sounded so cool at first, yet now he says his name is 'Eromanga-sensei the Great'! So ridiculous! It’s like a story I wrote!”

“Are you an idiot? Read the atmosphere, damnit!”

Anyway, we got some new information – although we didn't have any way to confirm it ---

The current Eromanga-sensei = Sagiri = the second generation. There was another illustrator named Eromanga-sensei before.

Then this black illustrator who called himself 'Eromanga-sensei the Great' appeared out of nowhere and claimed that he was the rightful successor….thus he should be the real Eromanga-sensei.

I see…if what he said was true, that would explain a lot.

However---

I felt that something was off in our conversation just now. Like there was something that I should recognize.

「The first Eromanga-sensei was my master」

A very strong feeling kept telling me that I just missed something very important.

While trying to suppress this urge, I turned to Sagiri.

Facing 'Eromanga-sensei the Great' (I'll call him 'Great' from now on), our Eromanga-sensei didn’t say anything.

A few seconds later, Great said:

「And that’s how it is! Okay, I have answered your questions, do you have anything to say, you fake Eromanga-sensei?」

“Someone with that name --- “

I don’t know – I thought she was going to deny it, but…

“ – Only one is enough.”

She firmly said:

“I’m Eromanga-sensei!”

Despite the fact that she had denied it in embarrassment so many times before…

“Nice words. As expected of Eromanga-sensei.” I laughed and patted her shoulder.

“…Really…you really are….”

Sagiri tried to hit me with her fist. It seemed like she acknowledged the fact that she is Eromanga-sensei, which caused her a lot of embarrassment

About the other guy – Great broke into laughter like he saw something very interesting.

「Good! Then let’s find out between you and me, who is the real and who is the fake!」

“Huh?”

「First, I will show you why I’m the rightful successor of Eromanga-sensei!」

The screen changed into another window. Then the pointer began to draw a picture.

A white cloth, canvas and some colors. I've seen this many times before in Eromanga-sensei’s video.

I see…

If what he claimed was true then everyone would know when we saw his drawing. Who is the real and who is the fake – all would become clear.

「I don’t like to let people see me draw, but this is an exception」

And --

A canvas quickly appeared in front of our eyes.

“Ah…this character is…”

That was the heroine in my novel “The Silver Wolf of Reincarnation”.

Flat chest, loli face, anime ears…. Exactly Eromanga-sensei’s strong point.

“…It's the same as Eromanga-sensei’s drawing…”

If someone told me that my little sister drew this, I would have believed them.

Sagiri raised her voice:

“…This is…only….copying my drawing style….”

「Fool! I purposely drew it that way to let you see the difference. Take a look at --- this!」

Although he still looked down on us, there was no longer a hint of arrogance.

“Phew – okay.”

Great showed us the completed drawing. Even an outsider like me could see that it was the same as any of Eromanga-sensei’s drawings.

「The first Eromanga-sensei, while a good illustrator, was not very famous – because sometimes master decided to draw something impure.

Only when drawing online would master use this embarrassing penname.」

Great began to add colors while talking with Sagiri:

「Only the second Eromanga-sensei took that penname to draw light novel illustrations. That's why I – forget it, you won't be able to understand anyway – I will poke a hole in your drawing.」

The screen showed a delicious looking picture.

「To put it bluntly, you aren't worthy of that penname. I will show you!」

Pure white hair, animal ears, golden and silver irises – an illustration that almost seemed like magic had given life to the character.

"Wow, this is the first time I've seen such a beautiful illustration."

Just like me, Muramasa-senpai was totally fascinated.

Damn…even I couldn't disagree.

"Hmhm…is that so?"

Somehow Elf looked happy, she was smiling from ear to ear.

Since Sagiri was still wearing a mask, I couldn't see her expression – but her body stiffened, her shoulders slightly trembled, and her hands were clenched into fists.

Finally --

「Alright, finished!」

Great had finished drawing.

What would his drawing be?

The answer was a light ecchi illustration, a drawing that fit Great's words to Sagiri – Eromanga-sensei

「To put it bluntly, you aren't worthy of that penname. I will show you!」

"------------"

When we looked at that drawing, it took all of our breaths away.

"…This is…"

"As expected…"

Both the owner of God Eye – Elf – and the one who said 「There is no good book in the store, so I had no choice but to write one myself」 - Muramasa-senpai – were trembling, their eyes wide.

"~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Kuh!"

I had mentally prepared myself, but even that wasn't enough. I bit my lower lip and rubbed my eyes.

"Is that…an illusion? Is the illustration…shining?"

"…Yes it is, kouhai…I also…see those bright lights – just like when I read the climax of your story."

That was the highest form of praise from Muramasa-senpai.

"Unbelievable….just like when I read the last volume…I'm so moved…."

"…Thinking back, it was the same when I first received a letter from my fan…in my eyes, those poorly drawn pictures seemed to shine too."

Next to me, Elf was crying.

"When people are truly moved – they will see an illusion. This masterpiece has its own natural bright circle of light – I never thought that I would see something like this in a light novel, much less in a novel that wasn't written by me."

Of course everything was an illusion, the drawing didn't emit any light, nor did it sparkle.

I didn’t fully understand what was going on. Although Elf’s explanation was crappy, in my eyes, it did shine.

“….Hic.”

Tears flowed out of my eyes.

I felt so happy. To be able to see my character full of life like this was more than enough.

A light novel character could only gain life through illustration – not through works or manga. As a writer, I was so surprised to see this drawing.

Maybe ---

My feelings right now were stronger than when I first saw Eromanga-sensei’s character designs.

Sagiri stood up in a panic:

“It can’t be…this…this…! Could it be….”

「Yes! This is an illustration that can give an illusionary light to the viewer – you must have noticed it too! 」

The drawing disappeared, Great’s face popped up on the screen.

「This is the final mystery of the first Eromanga-sensei----」

「Eromanga Flash!」

“…………..Pardon me?”

I paused and asked him.

Because the situation had reached its climax, it needed a conclusion. I had no choice but to re-think my opinion about Great.

“Sorry, I didn’t hear it clearly just now, please say it again.”

「Eh? Ah…this….this is called….Eromanga Flash!」

“Eh…what is it again?”

「Eromanga Flash!」

“Louder, please.”

「**Eromanga Flash!** Don’t force me to say it again, it’s so damn embarrassing!」

“Ah, so you do know that the name is embarrassing.”

「Not exactly…this….this Eromanga…it’s not an erotic manga or anything….so I’m not embarrassed about the name! But saying it out loud is something completely different, got it?!」

Now some of his similarities to Sagiri became apparent.

Actually, my little sister was nodding in agreement with Great.

It seemed that because of their embarrassment with the name, both of them took each other more seriously.

「Cough cough – so I said!」

The windows zoomed in, Great’s face became larger.

「Do you understand now? I’m the rightful successor of Eromanga-sensei! An apprentice like you…frankly speaking, doesn’t deserve that title!」

Silent. Everything went silent.

Without a doubt, every person here who had just seen Great’s shinning illustration had to agree that he was right.

Including Sagiri.

「Alright, now it’s time for the main topic – I have a request.」

His voice broke the silence in the room.

「Make a bet with me. The prize is the penname.」

「The battle will be named *'The Death Match Between Eromanga-sensei VS Eromanga-sensei the Great'*. I will tell you the details later!」

After that there was a series of sinister laughter, and then the screen went dark.

"………………"

……………………………

Silence. The room became silent again. No one said anything.

The screen that had shown Great earlier now turned back to Sagiri's live video stream. Everything looked so normal, like nothing had happened just now.

I turned to Elf and found out that she was avoiding my eyes. It was strange, why was she doing that? But then I noticed she was looking at Sagiri.

"…….."

Sagiri still sat on the floor without saying anything. The mask made it impossible to see her expression ---

But what happened just now must have hit her hard.

I could understand her feelings. They had the same drawing style, but the other was so much better than her.

It was the same as me three years ago, when I meet someone who used my writing style and wrote novels that were better than mine.

The time that it took me to recover was quite difficult.

"Elf-chan, Muramasa-chan. Thank you for coming. Please go home."

She said in a dull tone.

Although we had a small problem with “Eromanga Flash” the situation overall was serious, and very bad for us.

No matter what, to me Sagiri was just a small girl.

“…………Okay, let’s go, Muramasa.”

Elf nodded and took Muramasa out of the room. I was about to follow, but --

“…..Sagiri?”

Someone pulled my sleeves. Turning back, I met my little sister’s mask.

“…..Nii-san, stay.”

Elf and Muramasa-senpai had gone outside, which left only me and Sagiri were left.

“……….”

“…………”

No one said anything. We sat side by side, our backs were facing the bed.

….At a time like this, as her elder brother I should have said something to comfort her. But I feared that whatever I said would backfire and make the situation worse, so I held my tongue.

“Nii-san, what do you think about this guy’s illustrations?”

“Eh?”

“…Compared to me….which one is better?”

Although she was still wearing her mask, I knew that this question came from Sagiri, not Eromanga-sensei.

“Errr….”

“….Speak the truth.”

After some of the most contemplative seconds of my life, I replied:

“This guy’s illustrations are a bit better.”

I’m not a good brother. I couldn’t even lie to comfort my little sister.

We had been working together, helping each other…I couldn’t lie to my trusted partner.

“I see….”

Sagiri – no, Eromanga-sensei calmly said:

“I think so too.”

“……….”

Another moment of silence.

“….I lost.”

“Wait, listen to me. No matter what this guy says, to me you are the only Eromanga-sensei. So ---“

“So?” She looked up at me. “So what?”

“ -----------“

So ----

What should I say next?

Cheer up? You don’t have to worry if you lose? There is no need to care about the results of this battle?

No! That wasn’t what I truly wanted to say!

But should I say it? My little sister had just taken a heavy blow, should I say it out loud? Was it worth saying it out loud?

My mind was in chaos, but in the end, what I said was:

“So, win for me.”

“Understood. Now get out of here.”

After that, Sagiri entered hikikomori mode and isolated herself in her room, she totally cut off all connections with the outside world. She didn’t even call for meals anymore.

To avoid disturbing her, I treated her like how a parent treated their child before a university entrance examination, quietly leaving meal in front of her room.

After coming back to my room, I muttered:

“……..I missed a chance to talk with Sagiri….”

Although there was a lot that needed to be said between us, the most important thing was about the first Eromanga-sensei.

Although Great didn’t know that person –Sagiri knew.

There was a very good illustrator named Eromanga-sensei.

The current Eromanga-sensei – Sagiri is the second generation.

I’m afraid that everything Great said was the truth.

“….Mwu.”

Eromanga-sensei – an outright ridiculous penname

Eromanga Flash, which sounded both mysterious and like hidden sexual harassment toward his apprentices.

Only take anonymous work, don’t care about fame or being famous.

A self-claimed apprentice named Great.

Currently: inactive.

Relationship with the second Eromanga-sensei – Sagiri – unknown.

"…………..That's basically how it is."

There must be a clue somewhere. All I need is to sort things out carefully to get a cleaner view.

"………..The image of *that person* in my heart is slowly being destroyed."

If my guess is correct, then I have met the first Eromanga-sensei before. But now we can't meet anymore, nor could we ask family to help fix this situation

Anyway ---

Now, the only thing I could do was trust my partner and wait for news.

The situation took a turn the next day.

After school, as soon as I got home, my editor called me.

Could it be that she wanted to talk about *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*

…Ugh…what if it didn't sell well and they wanted to cancel it….

I picked up the phone, my mind clouded with worries.

「Izumi-sensei! Did you see? 」

Kagurazaka-san immediately asked.

"Eh? Kagurazaka-san, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

「I will send you a mail with a URL, you must look at it right away! 」

I quickly opened my laptop and typed the received URL. The screen showed a website with a recorded video.

“This…is….”

The video got more than 50.000 view – from the black masked illustrator, The Great Eromanga-sensei.

This is the final mystery of the first Eromanga-sensei ----「Eromanga Flash!」

Eromanga Flash lolololololololis named by the first lolololololololololol!

Eromanga Flash lolololololol!!

What is with this final mystery?

The rightful successor Great-sensei is so cooooooooooooooooool ~~~~~~~~~~

Even more erotic than Eromanga-sensei, this must be the real Eromanga-sensei!

Crap, it looked like that video was uploaded onto the Internet.

“….What the heck.”

「Now is not the time to ask! What you guys did is very troublesome for us!」

Kagurazaka-san didn’t look like she wanted to talk about the Eromanga Flash

「The Death Match Between Eromanga-sensei VS Eromanga-sensei the Great」

This was the real reason.

In that video, aside from our conversations, there was the match’s rules made by Great. It said ---

After six days, on the15th, the match will be held on this website. Two Eromanga-senseis will draw an illustration to decide the winner.

The winner will continue using the penname Eromanga-sensei. Loser will have to put their mask down.

There were five referees in total. Hopefully, as the current partner of Eromanga-sensei in the light novel *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*, Izumi Masamune-sensei would take a seat.

“Referee – me?”

「You still don’t know?」

“I really don’t know! Is this really okay for me to be a referee for this match?”

「Why not? You have seen Eromanga-sensei the Great’s illustrations, haven’t you? With so many differences, everyone will clearly see who the winner is.」

“*Glup*”

「Izumi-sensei, could you lie in front of ten thousands viewers?」

“It would be a piece of cake if I want to make a partial decision, but that would be meaningless.”

「So you do know that too!」

As a referee, even if I gave Sagiri a favoritewouldn’t be able to affect the viewers. As long as there is a great difference, most of them would vote for Great.

Sagiri is afraid of strangers, so she would definitely not be able to face this situation. Even if she ran away, she wouldn’t be able to work as an illustrator anymore. At the very least, people will call her “a coward who didn’t follow the rules when losing” or a “fake Eromanga-sensei”.

And so, Sagiri wouldn't be able to draw anymore, her career as an illustrator would be over.

「Anyway, you have to take this seriously. You don't need me to tell you how much trouble it would be if you lose, do you? 」

I could faintly hear what she said 「it'd be better if you could win. 」

"We will win" I answered "Eromanga-sensei will definitely win. Don't worry about it."

「Like I could trust someone who is so biased! Really! 」

Although she said that, getting angry now wouldn't solved anything. Both of us knew that.

In the end, this call didn't tell us "what to do" next.

Before she hung up, I could hear her mutter.

「What can we do now….?」

Not long after that – suddenly *Thud* the ceiling rocked.

I quickly ran to the second floor.

"…Did Sagiri see that video too…."

Could it be that she felt worried and called me?

I knocked on the door of *the locked room* while mentally preparing some kind words

While the door only took a few seconds to open, to me it felt like a lifetime. Finally, Sagiri appeared in strange clothing, which included a coat and a mask – which is Eromanga-sensei's work clothing.

"Sagiri, I'm coming in."

"…Um…come in."

I stepped into *the locked room*. The computer on the room showed a half-finished drawing.

We sat down in front of each other.

"Um…calling you here…I have something to say…"

"Something to say?"

"….Yesterday, that guy said I'm the second Eromanga-sensei."

"!"

「Long ago, there was another Eromanga-sensei …who was a very good illustrator…but not anymore.」

「That was the first Eromanga-sensei – and then ---」

「She is only the second generation!」

I never thought --- that Sagiri would bring it up herself.

"Actually….the first Eromanga-sensei….I…I….I…"

She hesitated, before smiling:

"The first Eromanga-sensei taught me."

I knew it. Just as I expected.

I knew that if I pushed here, she would tell me everything.

"I see."

But I didn't. I needed to confirm some things first.

Sagiri looked away:

"Teacher is no longer here…so…now, I'm Eromanga-sensei."

"Uhm."

“I once asked if I could use that name. Teacher said I could.”

“Uhm.”

We made our debut three years ago. That was probably when.

Sagiri didn’t take this penname for herself. She had permission.

“And…also working with Izumi-sensei from the beginning…it was me.”

“I know. You don’t have to say it.”

“Uhm.”

Somehow, my little sister’s face got redder.

“Is there anything else…hm…something very important….uh…”

“Yes?”

“The penname Eromanga-sensei wasn’t picked by me.”

“You have said that many times before.”

“Uhm.”

Sagiri looked satisfied.

“In short, I’m not a pervert, understand?”

“Right right.”

“Good.”

She breathed out a sigh of relief

I should have left it at that, but I couldn’t help but teasing her:

“But you yourself asked your predecessor if you could you use that name, didn’t you?”

“!”

So Sagiri is a pervert too!

“No! It’s not like that! Back then ---- back then I didn’t know that it was so perverted, I only knew that this was an island’s name! I didn’t see anything wrong with it! So …I thought the name was fine. If I took that, my teacher would be pleased….”

She waved her hands around, trying to explain:

“But after I took a job online, people began to say I’m a pervert! I’m embarrassed too, but I can’t change my penname! Ahhh!”

If this was a manga, her eyes would have become two swirling circles.

She just said whatever was on her mind without thinking now.

“….It is a bit late, but I’m sorry. Because of my penname, Izumi-sensei’s novel sounded like an erotic novel.”

“It is too late now! But whatever, I don’t care anymore.”

“I said it! I’m so relieved!”

“I see.”

I felt happy too. At least I understood Sagiri better.

“That’s why you called me here?”

“Yes. Actually, there is something else.”

“What is it?”

“………………About that.”

Sagiri’s little mouth closed and re-opened a few times, but nothing came out. Her face got redder, then she finally slammed her eyes shut, looked troubled.

One second. Three seconds. Five seconds. Finally…

“…About…Flash…”

“Ah, you meant Eromanga Flash?”

“Don’t say it out loud!”

It’s that embarrassing huh?

How many time have I said the word Eromanga?

“I have to ask, did your predecessor usesuch a seriously crappy penname?”

“Yes, yes…but teacher said it sounded cool.”

“For real?”

Sounded cool huh?

The first Eromanga-sensei….who could have thought that someone with a face like that could use such a penname….

“…Cough, anyway…that…”

Sagiri coughed:

“If I want to win against Great, I will…have to develop that….”

“You mean Eromanga Flash?”

“Don’t say it anymore!”

“Sure sure.”

“Reall…Nii-san is a pervert….”

She was angry with me, but I didn’t hate that….

Sagiri was so cute when she muttered to herself!

“Nii-san is a pervert!”

Every time I heard that, my heart skipped a beat. Should I record it?

“Um…the first Eromanga-sensei taught you to draw, right? But you weren’t taught about Eromanga Flash?”

“I was.”

Huh? I thought she wasn’t.

“Although….back then, I thought my teacher was speaking nonsense.”

In other words, you didn’t pay attention. It looked like the first Eromanga-sensei didn’t have much respect from his student.

“By the way, is this really okay to teach something like that? Like its mysteries, and how to use it….stuff like that?”

“But…but teacherreally said that…”

“…Ah, I get it.”

If someday my drawing teacher told me that the next lesson would be about the mystery of the “Eromanga Flash”, I would probably think “Is my teacher okay?”

“I know, right!”

Sagiri’s face hardened.

“Not to mention…I couldn’t practice…”

“Huh? What couldn’t practice?”

“It’s nothing!”

She blushed and waved her hands, like trying to hide something.

“If there is a problem, tell me. Maybe together we could think of ---“

“No!”

“Huh?”

The sound was louder than a microphone, it was so loud that I almost jumped in shock.

“What no?”

“No nononono! Ah….uuuu…I will try to think of something!”

Looked like she wanted to do it alone – that much I could understand, but what is with that erotic expression…

The mystery …could it be….

“Don’t think of something weird! Pervert!”

So it must involve something perverted at some point huh?

“Anyway, I have said all I need to say! I will think of something when the time comes! My drawings will be much better than this guy’s!”

If she had said so, I should support her.

“…Er…then…do your best, okay?”

Sorry, my mind was in chaos right now. How much eroticism does that mystery require?

“I forbid you from thinking something weird! I hate you!”

Three days later – three days until the death match.

After that conversation, Sagiri had still locked herself in the room in order to research the mystery of Eromanga Flash.

Faced with nothing to do, I tried to write the next volume of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*

When Izumi Masamune was in danger, Eromanga-sensei's illustrations gave me a huge boost in morale – it was one of the reasons that I could finish this book.

So…I wanted to do the same and give a finished novel to Eromanga-sensei before the match.

I don't know if this novel could make Eromanga-sensei happy, or if she has time to read it.

But that was all I could do. Try to find bit of information about Great, make some food…that was all I could do.

None of them made any big difference, you might say they were all trivial. But it couldn't be helped.

And so ---

One morning, when I was working in my room.

Bang bang Clang

Suddenly, the floor shook and I heard a loud noise.

"What the hell?"

I rushed toward my little sister's room. Then, as soon as I got there…

"Kyahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!"

That was Sagiri's scream.

"Sagiri! Are you okay?"

I slammed my fist into the door. Then it suddenly opened, my little sister ran out in her coat.

"Nii…"

"What happened? A burglar? Peeping tom?"

"No…that…"

I followed her finger ---

"Hi ~♪"

Raising her hand in a surrendering pose was Elf.

"….What the heck? What is going on?"

I still didn't have the slightest idea what is going on, so I had to ask.

"Elf…you…what did you do that caused my little sister to scream?"

"Eh….wait, listen to me, alright?"

According to Elf – today, she entered *the locked room* via the balcony, because the window wasn't locked.

"I only intended to tease her a bit, but then I saw Eromanga-sensei with a disgusting face looking at a figure--- Kuku."

"Wah ---- wah ---- wah!!!"

Sagiri shouted and quickly put her hands on Elf's mouth.

"This is my secret training session! Secret training session!"

Elf barely managed to pry Sagiri's hands off her nose, said:

"Phew…phew…cough cough…alright, Masamune, can you accept that?"

"………………………If that is what Sagiri said."

I had no choice but to accept.

Secret training…probably about that Eromanga Flash.

"But what exactly was Sagiri doing that made her scream?"

"Don't imagine it!"

“Nah, I couldn’t even if I wanted to.”

What exactly was Sagiri doing anyway --- I glanced at Elf and saw my neighbor trying to suppress a smile.

“Alright, can I tell you my story too?”

She clearly was trying to change the subject. But if Sagiri didn’t want to tell me then I had to leave it there.

“Say it.”

“Let me re-create that scene.”

Saying that, Elf went out of the balcony then closed the window behind her.

“One more time, again!”

She took a deep breath and happily shouted:

“Yahoooooooooooo Chaos (talk) Eromanga-sensei! Have you figured the mystery out ♪?”

Looked like she planned to sneak in like that.

“………..”

Sagiri only looked at Elf with an emotionless expression.

“Ah! I knew that you still can’t do The Eromanga Flash! Kukukuk, I was right!”

“Elf, if you came here to piss Sagiri off, you can go home now.”

“Wait waitwait! Listen to me! Kukuku…because the Izumi siblings have been driven into a corner – let me save you!”

“What are you talking about?”

I asked directly. Thinking back, when I had a fight with Muramasa-senpai, she helped us too. We could trust Elf.

“There is someone I would like you two to meet.”

Elf put a hand on her hip, and thrust her finger at me and Sagiri.

“Don’t say anything, come with me. Both of you.”

Chapter 2

And so ---

Together with Elf, we took a train to Tokyo.

Since today was Sunday, there wasn't a whole of people on the train. However, the sight of a blond haired girl in lolita clothing still attracted a lot of attention, mostly from girls who whispered to each other "So cute~" or "Just like a French doll".

Elf looked like she was used to receiving praise. She excitedly stood next to me, and had been talking since the moment we entered the train

"Neh, neh, Masamune-kun! Is it fun to go out with me on a Sunday? Does it feel refreshing to forget all of your troubles?"

We just got on the train, what the hell are you talking about…

"I don’t have any troubles. I trust Eromanga-sensei."

"Really? I thought that you were the *because my little sister is troubled, I don’t know what to do* type and became troubled too."

She’s sharp.

"Maybe. Although I couldn’t do anything for her…aside from give her my trust…actually I did feel troubled."

"Right right! So let's go out to relax."

"…You…are right."

Goingoutside, bathing under the sun light -- it was much different from sitting in my house.

I truly thought that was the case.

"…Thank you, Elf. It's a good way to reduce stress."

"!" Elf was stunned for a moment, and said then "It's nothing. We're friends, aren't we?"

…What a bright smile.

Truly, I felt better just from talking with her.

"But I told both of you to come with me. Where's Eromanga-sensei?"

I carefully showed her the tablet on my chest.

Since Eromanga-sensei couldn't go out of her room, we used this method instead.

Using skype on a moving train wasn't exactly possible, not to mention that the energy drain would be very high, so we used Line chat for now. [2]

After the mess yesterday, luckily I got her Line ID

「Elf-chan, who are you going to introduce us to?」

Eromanga-sensei's message came.

Elf and I looked at the smartphone in my hand.

"Fufufu, you will know when you arrive."

「Why are you trying to act mysterious now? Do you want me to reveal that today you are wearing panties with pink stripes?」

---

[2] Line is the Japanese equivalent of Viber or Zalo.

" ---- Ha? How, how, how could you know?"

Elf yelled loudly and quickly typed her reply. With a *ding*, a message from Eromanga-sensei arrived with an attached image.

It was an image of a panties' crease.

"Crap! You, how could…how…"

Elf curled up, blushed and trembled ~:

"Could, could couldcould …..you…you…my…."

「I just stole it.」

" ~~~~~~~~~~~ Nya, nyan! What the hell are you trying to do!?"

With a *squass*, Elf immediately grabbed the helm of her dress and pushed it down, her voice deeply shaken:

"Eeeee…..there will be stairs when we getoff the train! Any elementary school kid will see everything!"

「 ---------That was a joke」

"Without a doubt, they will think that I'm a super beautiful perverted girl --- eh? A joke?"

「Yup. These panties are my drawing.」

"………………..Re, really?"

Both Elf and I blankly looked at the image.

No matter how I looked at it, it looked like real panties.

"A drawing…huh…" "A drawing…right?"

「Aren't I great? 」

Eromanga-sensei proudly added.

Hehe -- I could almost see the image of her raising her chest in pride.

Looks like going out with Elf brought benefits not only for me, but also for Sagiri too.

"I would say it's amazing…but is this truly an image? Or….did you peek at me…."

….Elf's panties …

"Otherwise…how could this….look exactly the same as mine…"

「I knew without seeing. 」

Eromanga-sensei replied, her voice (words) full of confidence.

「To be able to correctly draw a cute girl's panties without seeing them is one of the special skills that master taught me. 」

"I told you to stop sexual harassing me on the train!"

"Don't say that while sitting right next to me! I didn't do anything to you!"

Really – the first Eromanga-sensei didn't teach her student any shame.

I feared that those special skills would turn out to be like a Sherlock Holmes's style trick.

「By the way, the closer I am to my target, the better my drawings become. 」

"This was beyond human capacity! It's on a same level with any A-class skill of a professional light novel writer!"

Please, don't tell me I have to put the one with such ridiculous naming sense (Elf) on the same level with the first Eromanga-sensei.

Not to mention that all of those “illustration’s hidden meanings” were becoming more and more perverted.

Part of me want to know if are there any other hidden meanings, but another part doesn’t want to know.

「Among professional illustrators, I hear that some became a blue creature that could control tentacles to pull a girl’s skirt up.」

“They couldn’t even maintain their human’s form anymore?”

Suddenly, the conversation between Elf and Eromanga-sensei became more heated.

After a while, we arrived at a hotel in the Shinjuku area, and then we took an elevator to the highest floor.

Eromanga-sensei’s mechanical voice came through the tablet:

「The one Elf-chan wanted us to meet…lives in this luxury hotel?」

“Luxury? I think it’s pretty normal though.”

No no, it’s normal in your opinion, but from a normal human’s viewpoint it was definitely super luxurious.

….The one Elf wanted me to meet was probably a woman in magnificent clothing. I should mentally prepared myself.

“Say Elf, why did you bring that basket with you?”

“Hm? This? Consider it a bribe.”

“..What?”

I left the elevator and timidly followed Elf, who was gently walking forward. She stopped in front of a room, and said:

“Over here.”

She rang the doorbell, the *ding dong* sound chimed -------

“Emilyyyyyyyyyy ~~~~~~~~ ❤You’re here!”

The door burst open and someone rushed out.

It was a pink-haired girl, who had a firm body like an athlete. She was wearing a T-shirt, short jeans. She was slightly taller than Elf. Her age…was probably around the same as me. She grinned and showed a canine tooth.

Elf smiled:

“Hello hello ~ Amelia. Sorry for bothering you when you’re so busy.”

“Nonsense, you’re always welcomed here! Today you look so cute!”

“Of course. Ah, today I want to introduce you to someone.”

“Huh? Introduce?”

The girl who was called Amelia’s eyes widened – then she finally noticed that I was standing next to Elf. She gave me a half glare and said in a very displeased tone:

“Ha? Who the hell are you? What is your relationship with Emily? And why do you look familiar…?”

Wah, it doesn’t look like I was welcome here.

Hey Elf, quickly say something – I gave her a silent signal. She nodded, her expression said “leave it to me.”

“He is my boyfriend, Izumi Masamune!”

“You did that on purpose, didn’t you?!”

I don’t know what kind of relationship you two have, but I do know that this kind of introduction was definitely no-no.

“No no, actually ---“

I tried to explain, but the pink hair girl's eyes widened before she slapped me.

"Ah ah ~ Izumi Masamune! You are Izumi Masamune?"

"Er…yes…?"

"I see! No wonder you look so familiar!"

"….Have we meet before?"

Although I was totally taken back by her presence, I managed to ask. But she ignored that question and gave me a look over from head to toe.

"Hm ~ you're the guy who was trying to approach Emily as her boyfriend, aren't you --- Izumi Masamune…."

She thrust her finger in my face:

"Bad!"

"Yes?"

"You look too poor! You totally ~ don't have what is take to be Emily's boyfriend."

"I told you I'm not! And…who are you, anyway?"

If she knew Elf's real name, their relationship must be quite close.

"Ah sure, I forgot to introduce myself."

She pointed her thumb at herself:

"I'm the great Amelia Armeria! My penname when drawing is Army!"

"Eh? Army-sensei?"

“The one and only beautiful illustrator, Army-chan!”

She stood upright and proudly introduced herself.

At least her ego was on par with Elf’s.

Let me explain a bit.

Army-sensei is the one who drew Yamada Elf-sensei’s masterpiece *The Expurgatory Flame of Dark Elf*.

She could draw in many styles, actively participate in both illustrators and manga events, andshe was good at both. So people called her the*multi-talent illustrator*

Army-sensei’s drawing had sensual, and sultry girls, which fit Elf’s writing, thus they became a good combo. *The Expurgatory Flame of Dark Elf* became famous, it wasn’t just the author’s work, it succeeded because of the illustrator as well.

But I have to admit, the story itself was already good, adding illustrations only ensured its success.

In short, she is an amazing, famous illustrator.

“…But I never thought you were such a young girl…”

First Sagiri, then Elf, Muramasa-senpai (well, I’m young too, so it’s not like I could say anything) – it was unbelievable.

「So cute. What type of shirt are you wearing?」

Be quiet, Eromanga-sensei.

Elf patted Army-sensei’s shoulder and introduced us:

“Armeria – Army-chan is my childhood friend. Do you remember what I said about how much I was forced to study? Armeria’s parents brought her to me. Since we were about the same age, we began to study together.”

"Then after a while, we found out that we loved each other! Emily is my wife."

Army-chan gently raised her head and folded her arms in front of her chest.

"Army-chan's Japanese is not very good, so please forgive her."

No, not only the Japanese word…all of her sentences sounded strange…like I'm watching a television program that had a foreigner as the MC.

"Elf, the one you wanted to show us…?"

"Yep, it's Army-chan."

「I want to see your panties!」

Be quiet, Eromanga-sensei.

"…….."

"…………."

Both I and Army-sensei stared at each other, none of us knew what to say.

Still…she was almost as cute as Elf. The way her eyes was shaped and her canine tooth gave her a special charm.

--- But…why didn't I feel anything? True, I had lived with my little sister for a long time, so I had a decent resistance against cute girls --- but it shouldn't be enough to make me feel nothing like I was now. Strange.

Of course that didn't mean I hated her. In fact, seeing her appearance made me quite like her.

…A girl huh?

My eyes unconsciously turned to her breasts ---

“You!”

“!?”

She suddenly shouted which startled me.

“Y, yes?”

“You really aren’t in a relationship with Emily?”

“No, I’m not! I just told you!”

“Hm, is that so?”

I couldn’t tell anything from her reaction.

Did she understand or not? Did she notice I looked at her breasts? I couldn’t tell.

“Then I will make it clear, call me Ore-sama.”

Army-sensei thrust her finger at my face and said:

“I have no interest in love with a man. Don’t even think about it just because I’m super cute. I will definitely not have any interest in you.”

“I know I know! You don’t have to repeat that…!”

“No no, I have to make it clear to pervert like you.”

Crap, so she knew that I looked at her breasts.

Now I see…she hates men even more than a usual girl…what is that called anyway?

“…I get it.”

I raised both of my hand above. Then Army turned to Elf:

“So what Emily? Why did you lead this pervert to me?”

“Ah, that is the main topic. Um, Army-chan, do you know about Eromanga-sensei?”

“!”

Army-sensei was stunned for a second, her eyes widened.

“I do.”

“Then you know about Eromanga-sensei’s recent trouble?”

“The death match with the loser having to unmask? Yes.”

It seemed like everyone in the industry already have heard about it.

“Oh? Then it’s easy. Eromanga-sensei want to win, so he is training really hard. But it seems like there’s trouble.”

“…………….Oh! Is that so?”

Suddenly Army-sensei changed into an emotionless expression. What was she thinking about?

“Actually, Eromanga-sensei is here too.”

“Eh? Where?”

Army-sensei looked around. Elf pointed at my tablet.

“In here. The one with the mask is Eromanga-sensei.”

「Hello ~ by the way I don’t know anyone with that embarrassing name.」

Eromanga-sensei raised a hand as a greeting.

“Eh…please to meet you.”

Army-sensei’s eyes widened.

Eromanga-sensei continued in a very friendly tone:

「Please to meet you, Army-chan. You're so cute ~ what kind of panties are you wearing at the moment? 」

"This is the first time I've heard such an introduction!"

I face palmed and bowed to Army-sensei as an apology:

"I'm sorry! This guy's got a few loose screws in his head."

「Izumi-sensei, why are you treating your partner that way! 」

"Shut up, pervert! Hurry up and apologize!"

"Ah ~ it's fine. No need to apologize."

I'm so moved -- Army-sensei was smiling and forgave us! She slightly shook her hand signaled me to stop bowing, she turned to the tablet and smiled, her canine tooth revealed.

"Hello, Eromanga-sensei. I'm wearing sportswear from head to toe."

She calmly answered the question about her undergarment before turned it back:

"What about you Eromanga-sensei, what kind of panties are you wearing?"

「Eh…. 」

"Eh? Although you use a voice changer, you are a girl, aren't you. Heheheh ~ so what kind of panties are you wearing?"

「Ah…that….that is… 」

Wow…Eromanga-sensei was taken aback by the counter attack. The previous scene had become reversed.

But to think that Army-sensei knew Eromanga-sensei's gender after a few words of conversation…

Noticing Eromanga-sensei's panic, Army-sensei kept pushing:

“What’s wrong? I answered your question, now it’s your turn.”

「….Eh…eh… 」

Her mask became useless, Sagiri spoke in a weak tone:

「…..Nii….I, Izumi-sensei….help…. 」

“……………………….”

「I, Izumi-sensei!? Are you trying to listen to the answer? 」

“No, no I’m not.”

「You liar! That’s definitely a lie! You are secretly trying to listen! You want to hear what kind of panties I’m wearing! 」

“I didn’t! I’m innocent!”

Actually, I was kind of listening. Yes, Sagiri asked for help, but I couldn’t stop myself! How could I! I wanted to know too!

「Ecchi! Pervert! I don’t care about Izumi-sensei anymore…! Hmmm! 」

Click She hang up.

“How…could this happen?.”

I went pale, and muttered in despair. Army-sensei muttered to herself:

“….So she run away.”

Yup. She run away.

“Masamune, we can’t continue without Eromanga-sensei, think of something.”

“Let me try to skype….but I don’t know whether she will listen or not.”

I listened to Elf and tried Skype, but….

"…She didn't pick up."

"Send her a message and say that we won't ask about panties again."

"It would be more sexual harassment at this rate! Why don't you use Line and send her a message?"

"It's troublesome ---"

After a while, we managed to reconnect to Eromanga-sensei via Skype.

「Reconnected ~」

She said in an unpleasant tone. Elf nodded in satisfaction.

"Then let's get to the main topic."

Army-sensei asked Elf:

"Main topic…what exactly do you want me to do?"

Nice question. I wanted to ask that too. What was Elf trying to do by making Eromanga-sensei and I meet Army-sensei?

"Kufufu – nice question. Masamune, Eromanga-sensei. Listen well!"

Elf showed a mysterious smile and made a cool pose:

"Army-chan, let Eromanga-sensei know about your *illustration's hidden meaning*!"

「!」

"My*illustration's hidden meaning*?"

"Yes – the special skill of the *multi-talent illustrator* Army-sensei - *illustration's hidden meaning*!

Hey Elf…you also told that to Eromanga-sensei on the train, didn't you?

Although based on what Eromanga-sensei said, all professional illustrators had their own *special skill* and *illustration's hidden meaning*, but I feared that whatever the first Eromanga-sensei taught Sagiri (or maybe Great too) was just a bunch of nonsense. Suddenly talking about *illustration's hidden meaning* might have caught Army-sensei off guard.

But I never thought expected that Army-sensei's eyes would widen, then she said:

" -------- What a surprise. Nice talking."

Eh? She understood just from the word *illustration's hidden meaning*?

"Ahaha, who do you think I am? So you understand what I meant? How about it? Can you help?"

"Hmm ~~~~~~~ What should I do ~~~~~~~ "

Army-sensei folded her arms across her chest.

"I helped you before. You still owe me once!" Elf said and raised the basket on her hand "Also, this is my hand-made cake for you."

Hearing the explanation and Elf's embarrassment, Army-sensei turned soft, she pointed her thumb inside:

"Don't just stand here. Come in."

We entered a ridiculous big room. Sofa. Tea tray. LCD television…almost the same as my home, the only different was that all of them were *much more expensive*

There was another LCD screen PC on the table, its headphones lied nearby.

"……."

--- I couldn't help but compare this room to Sagiri's.

“Sit over here – huh? What? You like them?”

“Ah, somewhat. This is tool to make live video streams…right?”

“Yes yes. Recently I’ve been learning to make live videos.”

「Ah, just like me」 Sagiri quietly whispered.

“Whatever! These are just trivial matters!”

Elf stopped the conversation from continuing.

Army-sensei sat down in front of the television and I chose a seat next to the sofa.

“I will go prepare tea and desert, we’ll talk while eating!”

Elf took the basket and ran off, looked like she knew this place pretty well.

Army-sensei’s gaze followed her back – or rather, her ass until she was out of sight.

“Ehehehe.”

A brightly smile.

How come all illustrators I knew turned out to be perverts? Are they all like that?

When Eromanga-sensei said “As an illustrator, when I see a cute girl, I can only think about her panties”, I thought that was nonsense, but….

“……….”

Just when I began to afraid of her, Army-sensei turned to me:

“It’s wonderful! You jealous?”

“Y, yes?”

“My cute childhood friend came to check up on me, she even personally mademe a cake! It’s clear that I’m the winner, isn’t it?”

Hearing Army-sensei praise her “lover”, Eromanga-sensei approved:

「You win. Maybe.」

“Right, right?”

I added:

“By the way, recently Elf also visited my home too.”

“Eh?”

“She also brings cake every time she comes.”

“Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat? What is the meaning of this? Ouch ouch ouch….”

Looked like she bit her tongue. Her face twisted in pain.

Crap, if I made a wrong move I might trigger Army-sensei’s desire to win. It would be troublesome later onI made a pervert think I was an enemy. Thus, I calmly explained:

“We are not dating, it’s just a normal relationship between neighbors.”

“But….cake…”

Seeing her like that made me felt a bit of guilt.

「Ah, Izumi-sensei made her cry.」

“No, no I didn’t.”

Why does Sagiri enjoy teasing me that much as soon as she put on her Eromanga-sensei’s mask?

Also…

Recently, Elf's decision to make cakes was probably because she wanted to win against Shido-kun. During our party, everyone said his cake was delicious…she might have decided to return the favor since then…

She really wanted to win at anything, after all.

I wondered for a while before answering:

"Oh right. I think those cakes were only a practice to make this delicious result."

"Huh?"

"So that today she could give the best cake to Army-sensei!"

"!"

Army-sensei immediately went from depressed to a bright smile.

"Yes! It must be that! Really, to get jealous of my friend, I'm so embarrassed."

She pulled both of her legs up on her seat and smiled.

"Ehehehe….so cute!...Super cute."

Actually, the way she was acting now was cute too.

But why didn't I felt anything?

Saying that to a girl might count as impolite, but …when I talked with her, I felt like I was talking with my younger brother or a male friend.

Army-sensei patted my shoulder in embarrassment:

"Hey! Masamune! Turns out you're pretty kind too! But why are you so small?"

"Wh- what? I'm not small! I only a bit shorter than my classmates! I can still get taller!"

“Ahaha, you sounded like a flat-chested heroine in light novel!”

“Don’t add insult to injury!”

「…..Your novels are full of that kind of girl….this is divine retribution.」

Eromanga-sensei also muttered.

--- Crap, there’s nothing I could say in my defense.

I closed my eyes, and clenched my fist, and said:

“Kuh…I’m very sorry…to all of girls that I created! Even if this was unavoidable, I shouldn’t have call you ‘flat-chested’ or ‘cutting board’…Of course it pains me! I don’t like it either! It’s not like I like small breasted girls or anything! All of it is because since Eromanga-sensei has never seen a big breasted girl before and she couldn’t draw any!”

「Don’t pass the ball to me….」

“It’s because all of your drawings only have flat-chested girls!”

「You, I’ll remember this!」

Grrr! Eromanga-sensei growled.

Seeing that, Army-sensei broke into laughter:

“Ahahahaha! Nice, nice Masamune! Eromanga-sensei! From now on call me Army-chan!”

「I have been calling you that from the beginning.」

“I’m not going to call anyone who called me small ‘chan’.”

“Pay it no mind! I’m sorry, okay!”

Army-sensei kept patting my shoulder – okay, from now on, let’s call her Army.

At this time, Elf returned with tea and cake.

“Arara, your relationship has become that good?”

“Nope, not exactly” I replied.

“Don’t be so modest!”

Army put her hand around my shoulder.

Yup, I didn’t feel anything at all, despite the fact that my shoulder was touching her breasts.

I glanced:

“Get off, it’s hot”

“Good! You pass!”

“What?”

“Haha, I’m checking if you like me or not. I won’t become friends with you if the answer is yes.”

“What the heck?”

“Masamune – you already like someone, didn’t you?”

“Erh….ah…”

“Haha, so I was right?”

Army excitedly kicked her feet, her long and firm legs bared for all to see. If Sagiri did the same to me, I’d probably die of a heart attack.

“…You’re just teasing me.”

Although she said that, I didn’t get mad at her. No one could get mad at Army with her innocent laughter.

"Sorry, I'm so cute – if you don't have someone you like, then you would fall for me very quickly."

….Your ego is a bit too big thought.

Elf looked at our conversation with a satisfied expression.

"Since everyone has become so close – please teach usabout*illustration's hidden meaning*"

We started by drinking tea and discussing the situation.

From the left, on the sofa was Elf, Army and me. Eromanga-sensei was on the tablet on my chest.

「So you planned to let us see Army-chan's *illustration's hidden meaning*, right ---"

Eromanga-sensei immediately began with the main topic.

"Slow down. Try a bite first" Army took a big bite "So good! So good! So goooooooooooooood!"

Her reaction was a bit too extreme. Are you a judge in food-based manga?

"Thank you. Really, Army-chan, you haven't changed at all."

Elf gracefully took a slip of tea, smiled:

"Alright, Masamune, Eromanga-sensei, don't be so modest. Try my cake."

"Er…but…"

I glanced at Eromanga-sensei.

「Kuh…I couldn't eat through the screen. And I don't know anyone with that name.」

"…I will bring something back, let's eat together."

「….I want to eat alone.」

"….I see."

For a while, we enjoyed the tea and cake that Elf had made. Eromanga-sensei could only watch with an unpleasant expression.

"How is that? Better than Kunimitsu's, right?"

"I knew it, you were trying to compete with Shido-kun."

"Hm? What if I did? So, what do you think Masamune? Who will you pick, me or Kunimitsu?"

"What is with that gal-game-like choice?"

By the way, ShidouKunimitsu – Shido-kun is my junior, a novelist who is good at making cakes.

To tell the truth, both of their cakes were good, it's hard to decide a winner. But if I carefully considered it…..

"Alright, this time Elf wins."

"Nice ♪"

Elf happily made a victory pose, and smiled brightly:

"Kukukuku! It should be this way! I made this cake with all of my heart! Of course it would be good."

「Mwu ~」

Somehow, Eromanga-sensei made an unpleasant sound.

"You said – with all of your heart?"

"Um? What's up Army-chan?"

"No, I just think that it's the best method in making anything."

Army slightly smiled:

"I don't exactly like 'that', you know. They used to call me the 'emotionless illustrator' or 'drawing machine Armeria'….they said my drawings were empty ---."

"Ah, it's so nostalgic! I was the one who told you that."

"Tch, I'm not going to forget that. You have been after me about that since our first meeting!"

"Right right. Army-chan, you really are too much. With the artist teacher nearby, I was a friend whose age was close to yours and the daughter of the house owner, yet you kicked me. Thinking back, it was probably the worst first meeting possible."

I don't know when that story happened, but it looked like Elf and Army's first meeting wasn't exactly happy.

--- It was the same for me too.

Elf closed an eyes and raised a finger:

"You could draw any drawing no matter what kind of request people made. You could use any style after one look – truly, a talented girl. But your drawings were empty, it had no soul, unable to move anyone. It couldn't surpass the original."

"That was the illustrator Amelia Armeria during our first meeting."

"You made it sound like an antagonist."

"Hmhm, that's right Masamune. *The ability to copy other's skill* is one of the big three cheating skills in writing/drawing. There were *Sharingan*, *Perfect Copy*[3], *Skill Hunter*[4] -- lots and lots more. But from my creator's point of view, that was all Armeria could do. That's why a cute girl she just met laughed at her face."

---

[3] RyoutaKise's skill from Kuroko no Basket

[4] ChrolloLucilfer's skill from Hunter X Hunter

"Ahahahaha."

Hearing Elf's provocation, Army held her stomach in laughter.

"That's why I like you – only you could tease others without holding back like that."

"….I know this feeling too."

Good. Good you damn elf. I will definitely crush you under my foot.

Even I once said that.

"I know, right? Well, this was a long time ago. I have fixed it already."

Army smiled mischievously. She must mean that she no longer drew soulless illustrations.

"You fixed your weakness? Really? Sometime Army-chan unconsciously drew an ecchi drawing of a naked girl?"

"Ha? You mean the drawing in *Dark Elf*? Your story is perverted by itself, why are you blaming me? The illustration turned out that way because of your idea."

"What are you saying? Although, back then I did write it, but I required a fully-naked illustration to boost my motivation to the max. Yet you drew a half-naked drawing! I don't want something like that!"

"Oh yeah? So where did your libido go?"

"In my heart!"

…………………

It wasn't easy to watch two beautiful girls head butt like this, but anyone could see that their relationship was very good.

"Look like I have to prove that I have fixed my weakness. We're done eating anyway, let's begin."

Army took a tissue to wipe her hand and picked up a pen.

"I will show you – my *illustration's hidden meaning*

「Alright --- 」

Eromanga-sensei's voice turned serious. She accepted Elf's condition because she alone couldn't archive any breakthroughs.

"…I should watch carefully too."

Although I didn't know anything about drawing, maybe I could learn something from seeing Army-sensei work.

--- Of course, I had another motive. All illustrators look amazing when they concentrated on their work.

"Fine. Emily, make a pose over there."

"Ah, you need me to be your model? Alright – is this okay?"

Elf sat down on the sofa and crossed her legs.

"Um, super cute! As expected of my wife!"

"Ehehehe, of course! Who do you think I am?"

Seeing her bright smile, I couldn't help but ask:

"You were very calm when people praised you on the train, so why you are so happy right now?"

"The difference is if the one praising me is a stranger or not."

"Is that so?"

“Yes it is. You praise me too.”

“Right right. Cute, cute.”

“Hmhm ~ of course!”

Elf smiled in satisfaction.

While we were chatting, Army still remained motionless and focused on Elf. She looked like a blade before leaving its scabbard.

“Al – right!”

She took a deep breath ----

“Begin.”

Her hand began to dance. On the digital screen, the picture of Elf slowly appeared. No special drawing style, just a true, realistic drawing of the person in front….slowly…

“Crap…Army…this…”

When I noticed what Army was drawing, I began to tremble in fear.

Without looking at me, she roared:

“Be quiet! Now is not a good time! Alright…finish!”

“How is it? I’m not doubting Army-chan’s skill or anything – but does it fully show my charm?” Elf asked in an excited tone.

“I drew it to the best of my ability! Isn’t that right, Masamune, Eromanga-sensei?”

“Don’t, don’t ask me!”

There was a reason that made the last sentence all I could say. Eromanga-sensei also didn’t say anything, and remained silent.

Seeing how the situation turned out, Elf tilted her head, narrowed her eyes:

“Hm…something isn’t right….”

Suddenly, like she remembered something, Elf’s eyes widened and immediately stood up:

“Let….let me see it.”

She run to us and took a look at the screen. And it was showing ----

“Armiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii~~~~ ! Why am I naked!?”

“Let me explain! To be able to draw a naked drawing of a cute girl is the special skill Master taught me, *illustration’s hidden meaning*!”

Tada! Army made a guts pose[5]

“Its name is **Nude analyze skill – ouch it hurts!**”

---

[5] http://www.gamebaz.com/images/ItemImage/rtsgyg8727758.jpg.

Elf pulled her cheek, caused Army's face to turn into a>.< shape.

"Wait! Emi…it hurt! Stop…I'm sorry….I'm sorry!"

"It has been a long time since the last time we took a bath together! How could you draw such an accurate drawing of me nude?"

"That's the result of my *illustration's hidden meaning*! Because I like you the most!"

"Your answer didn't answer me one bit! Really, while I understood the basic principles…but…."

I choose this time to mutter to myself:

"Ah, so this drawing…is accurate then?"

"!? That's enough! Don't look! Delete it immediately!"

This is the first time I saw Elf embarrassed like a normal girl like this. Normally, whatever followed next would be dangerous to the viewer. Maybe that is why --- my heart skipped a beat.

Elf released Army, and moaned:

"What the hell are you doing?! I should have known! To ask an ecchi-drawing-specialist illustrator for *illustration's hidden meaning*…I reap what I sow."

"Oh oh oh…it hurt – in my opinion that was a good explanation."

"I have prepared myself! I really did! But this was outside of my expectations! Really, your master is such a slut to think of this skill!"

Look like Army's drawing master – was the one who gave birth to the previous *illustration's hidden meaning*.

Well…how should I say it…I began to understand no matter how dense I'm.

The reason Elf introduced us to Army. The real identity of Army and her master.

Eromanga-sensei must have realized too. Her voice turned serious.

「Eh…Army-chan…your master…what kind of woman was she?」

Army looked like she noticed the unspoken question, she grinned:

“Hm…let me see…if I have to make it short…”

「And? 」

“She was much worse than me.”

Its hopeless then.

“Normally, no one could understand what she was talking about. You could say she was a natural genius. She was very good at drawing, but she didn’t need anyone to teach her. Thinking back, I don’t know how could she managed to train such a good student like me. Well, I think that she just taught whatever came to mind.”

Army seemed happy when she spoke about her master. She kept smiling, her canine tooth sometime revealed.

I continued:

“….What do you mean by natural genius?”

“For example, when she wanted to draw scenery, she asked me to do some erotic cosplay.”

“So she only need you to cosplay?”

In short, it didn’t matter if she need to draw scenery or not.

“I thought so too. Not only did I not have the slightest idea what was my master thinking, she said I made her angry and she wanted to punish me, etc….Still, still – somehow, when I followed her advice I always made amazingly beautiful drawing."

"………."

"What do you think? Confused, right? Do you think that her head was messed up?"

Totally agree. I didn't understand her at all.

Still ---

In short, find me a girl that can fire me up

Even Sagiri made that request before.

"Back then, I couldn't even hold a normal conversation, so I can't say I fully understood what master meant. Hm, she said ---"

" Put your heart into drawing.."

Army said that and became embarrassed.

"Ah ~ I'm so embarrassed. I'm a realistic person. *Heart, compassion, empathy* ---- they are all vague stuff, I don't like it. I don't want to use them at all."

"….I could understand that."

It's the same for writing.

People said "writing with your heart" is the secret to writing a good novel. Every time I heard that, I only felt trouble. I just can't imagine a vague concept like that

But at the same time, I felt that this advice was totally right. However, if someone asked me to explain it, I couldn't.

"*How to draw a good drawing*is based on countless experiences, its base principle is very simple. But most people who tried to*draw a good drawing*ended up with *a good way to draw* instead of *a good drawing*"

How to be good at drawing? We already knew the answer.

But how to make a good drawing is another matter – that was what Army-sensei meant.

「So, in the end what is a *good drawing*? 」

Eromanga-sensei asked. A question directly to the point.

Army-sensei answered:

"It is a drawing that could move the viewer, could make the drawing shine. Music could make people feel happy or sad, it's the same with drawing. From a scientific point of view, you could say that the brain create stuff like dopemine and serotonin caused a change in quality. Actually, in all drawings, pictures, music...etc, the question *How could it move people. How could I create something that can move people*has still remained unanswered by science. So I could only explain in my master's stupid teaching method"

「Put your heart into drawing 」

"Just like in a game, after you grind to the last level, the rest is a matter of luck. Creating art is the same, everyone will end up with emotions."

Army sat down on the sofa, kicked her leg around and continued:

"Maybe it's only good for me, but maybe *putting your heart into drawing* means that using *your own emotions* as a reference. Think back to the time when *your heart raced* -- then think about the reason that made your heart that way – well, do you get it?"

"No." 「…………… A bit. 」

“I totally got it! As expected of Army-chan, what an excellent explanation.”

Each of us gave our answer. Of course, the one with a confident reply was none other than Elf.

Still, I think it’s a hundred times easier to understand the traditional teaching method. Thus I raised a finger:

“If you could give us an example, it’d be much easier to understand.”

“….Example? Like what?”

“Like – what would Army-sensei do if you want to draw a *super cute girl* at the best of your ability, what would you do?”

“ -------- That.”

“That?”

“………….That…and this….”

Army slowly blushed.

“…..This…and that…..”

A gentle hint, together with a bit of sadness appeared in her eyes.

It wasn’t angry. It wasn’t embarrassment.

--- Ah, I knew this too.

I saw this expression many times in the mirror before. This was ---

“I would draw *a girl in love.*”

Army-sensei bit her lips, put a hand on her chest and answered.

Her hand, still trembling, slowly danced on the finished drawing.

“While drawing --- think back to what my love is like.”

Slowly – she gave life to it.

“Think back the to the face of the one you love….the burning feeling in your heart….use it as reference for drawing…”

It hurt. My chest hurt. I couldn’t breathe.

“Actually, I only occasionally use this skill. This is one of the rare chances I truly put my heart into drawing.

My eyes were glued to Army-sensei.

There is no need to see how this drawing turned out.

Nii-san, There is someone I like.

Those feeling were still burning in my chest. She must have had a similar experience too.

“….When there is an unforgettable memory in your mind….it will merge with your heart…and appear in the drawing.”

The most painful experience when your love wasn’t accepted.

You don’t want to give up, but you have no choice but to give up. Your love isn't accepted. To love someone that will never be yours, your heart will hurt like there is a line of thorns around it.

“A drawing like that will be able to move people’s hearts. In the end, there is no one alive that has never fallen in love before.”

She was drawing while enduring the heart-breaking pain ---

“Pheww ~~~~~~ ”

She took a deep breath, stood up, and shouted:

“I like youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

She shouted at the top of her lung – then Army fell down, and said in a dying tone:

"…That's how I draw…do you get it?"

There is no reasoning or theory or anything to it. But the way she gave an example allowed me to understand it the core of it. What fearsome compassion.

If I remembered correctly, after I finished writing a novel, I was the same too.

"…Army-sensei…every time you draw…it's like that?"

"If I did that every time…I'd die."

It's true. Even someone with nerves of steel wouldn't be able to handle it.

She wiped the sweat off and said from a sitting position.

"Just now I only did that so it's easier to understand – per your request…~ Ah I'm so tired."

After moaning for a while, Army stood up.

"Okay, done."

She gave me the digital board. Both Eromanga-sensei and I took another look at it.

"-------"

It was the same unacceptable drawing of Elf. But now, it was full of life.

Now I understood what Elf said earlier to Army.

"…I see. It's much easier to understand."

The beautiful drawing looked like it was shining – it had the ability to touch the viewer's heart.

The drawing that she poured her heart into moved people, made the viewer fall in love with the girl in it.

「…..How nostalgic. I knew it…this is…」

With a tone I have never heard before, Eromanga-sensei/Sagiri whispered:

「This is Mom's drawing.」

She sounded like she was about to cry. Because of both happiness and regret.

"So …"

Army looked at Sagiri, and nodded:

"This is the hidden meaning that my master who's no longer living taught me. The skill created by pouring your heart into the drawing."

She raised her hand and received something black from Elf.

"Eromanga-sensei – what an embarrassing nickname – I doubt many people would like to use it as their penname."

She took *that* -- a black mask and slowly put it on.

"But that's the penname of the one who taught me to draw – the special penname of my stupid erotic teacher"

She clenched her hands – and shouted:

"But I will not give it to anyone! Even if that person is the Master's daughter!"

「!I knew it…. Army-chan is --- 」

" --- At first, drawing… Mom taught me…"

"---Eromanga-sensei …..I…I…I…"

" --- The one who taught me."

「Eromanga-sensei the Great! 」

Everything became clear. The identity of the first Eromanga-sensei, of Eromanga-sensei the Great, of the person who told the Dark Illustrator about us. Everything was crystal clear now.

"Fufu, so everything is clear now – what do you guy think about this penname, Eromanga-sensei the Great?"

Elf blinked at me, teasing.

"That means she is Eromanga-sensei's senior. I made the nickname!"

"Elf! That meant ---"

"When you published your newest novel, The Cutest Little Sister in the World, **Army-chan had suggested joining forces with me. She said now is the time to crush the fake Eromanga-sensei!"**

Based on what Elf explained, she had a lot more discussions with Army-chan.

In other words, during the first meeting between Eromanga-sensei and Eromanga-sensei the Great ---

"You betrayed us!"

"Betray? Kufufufu, what are you talking about, Masamune --- since when did a great novelist like me become friends with bottom of the barrel novelist like you? We are only neighbors, don't be mistaken."

"What the…."

Elf cut me off in an antagonistic tone:

"This time, I sided with Eromanga-sensei! I led you two here only to make you feel despair! Alright, Army-chan – no – Eromanga-sensei the Great! Finish them!"

"I will say it one more time – Sagiri!"

「!」

"I will not give this penname to anyone! Take it from me if you can!"

「……………….Even without….」

「……………..Even without you saying that, I don't plan to lose to Onee-chan!」

"-----------"

Great was taken back for a moment. Sagiri's voice continued in an agitated tone:

「I…I…! I want to fulfill my dream with my brother! I can't lose here! So – no matter how embarrassing it is … I will do it! Just you wait! I will also draw with all of my heart! I will not lose to Onee-chan – I will not lose to Mom's drawing!」

「This is my *Eromanga* soul!」

Then – Eromanga-sensei hang up.

Army – Great took her black mask off, and whispered:

"You called me Onee-chan huh?"

"In that case. How could I lose to my little sister?!"

Her smile showed a burning desire to win, followed with an unequal amount of happiness.

A few days later – the day before *The unmask death match.*

The sun was now setting.

"Tomorrow…everything will be over."

After coming back from school, I sat in the living room and muttered to myself.

That day, we knew the identity of Eromanga-sensei the Great, and we reforged our resolve to fight.

After that, Sagiri kept training inside *the locked room*.

Sagiri – can she learn any special skills to beat Great or not, what is she thinking – I don't know any of that.

The only change was when meal time arrived, she slammed on the floor to signal me. Well, it's better than nothing, I guess.

"…………I'm so worried…"

It's not like I'm the one who has to fight or anything, why am I so worried?

Right at this moment ---

***Thud thud* The ceiling shook. It was more controlled, and gentler than usual.**

That's how a little sister called her brother.

".....What the heck is a gentle ceiling banger…even I couldn't understand anymore."

But I truly felt that way.

I took the stairs to *the locked room*.

"What's up, Sagiri?"

I knocked and the door opened, Sagiri appeared. After half a year, I have seen this sight many times.

But this time, when I saw my little sister – I couldn't say anything.

" -----"

Back then, when she put on nice clothes or kimono – I was very surprised.

But this time was different from the rest. I felt so emotional.

"Sagiri…this is…"

"….Um…."

She nodded, looked down and played with her fingers. Maybe because she just took a bath, her face was deep red. Stream was still coming from her body, and a slight fragrance still clung to her.

She also wasn't wearing a headset.

Her lips moved slightly and a dream-like voice came out ---

"….The clothes…during our first meeting."

A simple skirt and dress. Anyone could see that she tried to pick clothes to meet her new family.

Not to mention ---

This was what Sagiri wore when I fell in love with her at first sight.

"How nostalgic…"

"….This is…today….is…."

"?"

I don't get it. She was still so bad at talking.

Sagiri glanced at me.

" ~~~~~~~~~~ "

She immediately looked down, blushing. Her whole body froze, and her shoulders trembled.

"Are you okay?"

"…It's….not…."

Although she said that, but her condition didn't improve at all. Recently we could talk normally, but now I had a feeling that our distance had grown.

It felt like I went back in time, to our first meeting.

Somehow it scared me, made me remember some bad memories.

"Our first meeting was about a year and a half ago, wasn't it?"

"…Um…about that."

"You've grown."

"…Really?"

I nodded. The truth is I only noticed when I saw Sagiri in these clothes.

Or maybe because she just took a bath so I could see her charm better. But it didn't seem to be so simple…

"Today, Sagiri…is more beautiful than usual."

"…………………Idiot."

It took a lot of energy to prevent myself from hugging her.

I averted my eyes and changed the topic:

"Are you…calling me here to show me these clothes?"

"…………"

She shook her head furiously.

"It's not…that…"

"That…." She put her hand on her chest, blushed "….I have a request….for you"

"I see. What is it?" I replied.

She looked up, her eyes widened.

"Really?"

"Based on your tone, it's something important, right?" I patted my chest "Anything is fine! I'm your brother, after all!"

"I see….."

She turned around, and muttered something.

"Come in…secret training…the last step…"

After a moment of hesitation, I followed her into *the locked room*

Sagiri sat on her bed and pointed at the space in front of her.

"Ni, Nii-san…sit down here."

"Erhhh….eh…"

Why on the bed? Can't we sit like normal?

I already had a lot of question, but I didn't ask, and I just quietly sat down.

Sagiri made her next request:

"…Don't, don't move."

"….Okay…like this?"

"…Yes…and…now….close your eyes."

"Close…my eyes?"

"Yes."

……..What is she trying to do?

What is Sagiri trying to accomplish by asking me to close my eyes?

"Hurry up….just do as I say"

"…Alright."

I gave her my word after all. I had to see it through.

"Like – this?"

I closed my eyes. The sudden loss of sight made my hearing better.

I could hear my heartbeat, and – Sagiri's breathing, too.

Breathing?

"What…the?"

I could tell that my face and Sagiri's were very close.

" --- Crap --- Sa, Sa ---"

"Don't, don't move…"

"Ah ah……."

My ears could feel her breathing.

I kept my eyes closed, and my hand on knees were trembling.

I was so nervous that after a few moments, my senses became numb. And then ---

"!"

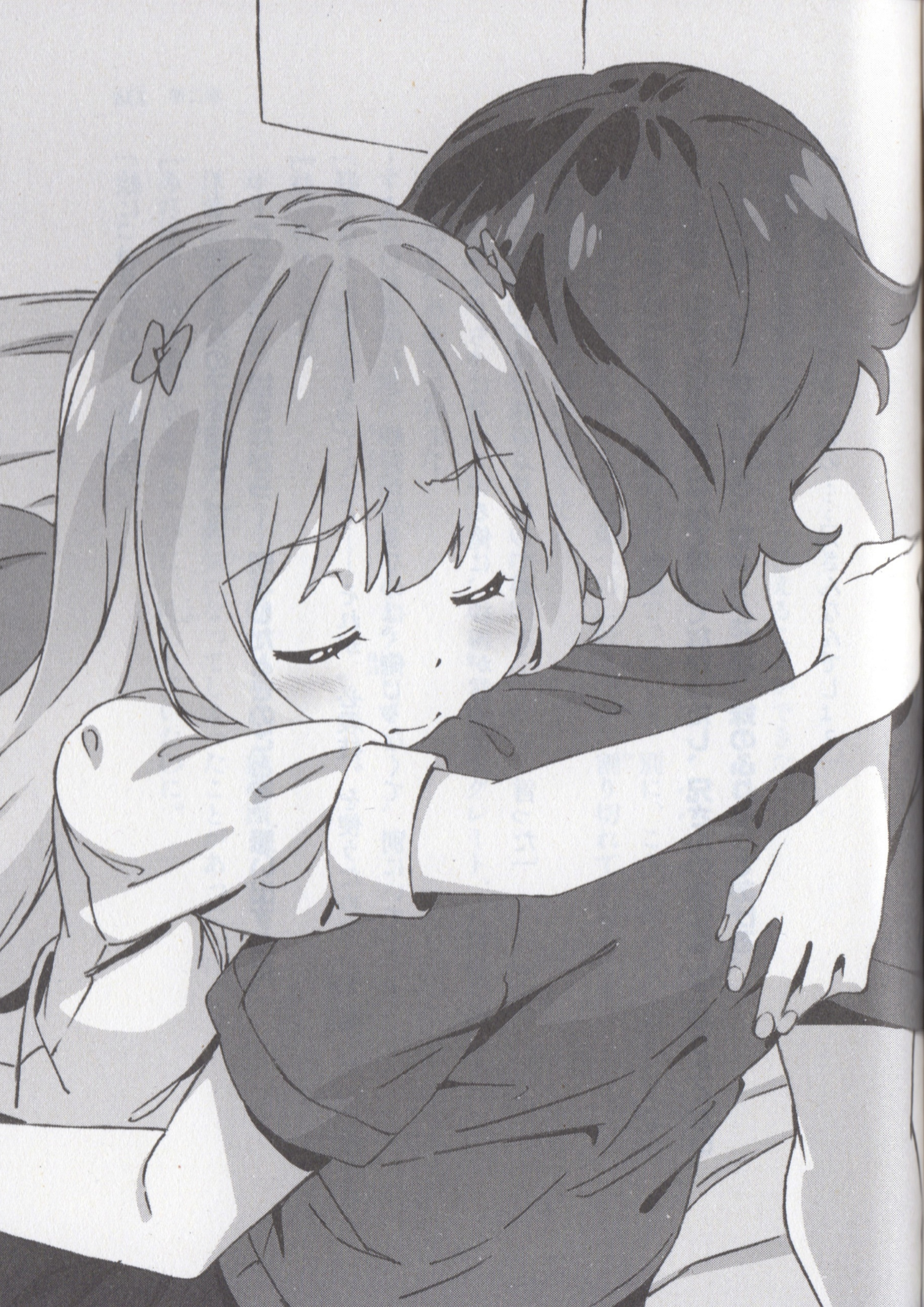
A sweet fragrance entered my nose. Then my chest felt something soft.

"Sa, SaSaSaSa... Sagiri?"

I didn't need to open my eyes to know that she was hugging me.

"Alright…don't move….be quiet…"

Like I could. I must have died already.



This must be an illusion I saw before dying. How could this be real?

"Are you still not done?"

"Not…yet…"

"Uh…troublesome….explain it better…is this ….the final secret training….!"

I barely managed to say that in the hope that she would explain the reason for this sudden action.

"…Recharge" Sagiri muttered.

"Eh?"

"Recharge….to win against Onee-chan…need to."

"You mean…the way to learn about the hidden meaning?"

"……..Yes."

"So…why…this?"

What does hugging me solve?

The way to draw *a good drawing* that Army – Eromanga-sensei the Great told us. The last mystery of the first Eromanga-sensei, Eromanga Flash – all of them were slowly fused into that special skill.

"…….You don't understand?"

"I will draw *a girl I love.*"

"While drawing --- I think back to the time when I was in love."

"No, I don't."

If she needed to recharge by hugging the one she liked – then I could understand. But I'm not the one she likes, she likes someone else!

So I don't understand anything!

Seeing my confused expression, Sagiri said:

"…Have I ever said that I wanted to be your little sister?"

"Eh…"

During summer break, when I said I wanted to be her family….

I…never considered you my family…I didn't want to be your little sister

I will be your little sister for the time being

She once told me that.

"…You…right now…you are my brother…right?"

" ---- Yes."

Although I couldn't immediately give her an answer, but I did answer.

"So…a little sister…can ask…her brother…to pamper her …right?"

"…."

Yes. We are family. We're brother and sister. There is nothing strange about it.

Even if my heart was in chaos, even if I wanted to stop myself from liking Sagiri.

Even if I didn't know what this action meant.

I still have to play the role of an elder brother.

I closed my eyes and answered.

"I got it – Do whatever you need! As long as you win against Eromanga-sensei the Great!"

Then Sagiri put her head on my chest:

“Then…pat my head.”

“Right…right…”

I raised my stiff hand – and rubbed my little sister’s head.

I had done something similar before….back then, the atmosphere was very strange. After that, every time I tried to pat her head, she became angry.

“…..Can…I?”

“Yeah.”

My heart was racing.

She’s my little sister!

But love is love. I fell in love with her at first sight.

My heart was beating so hard that I feared she could hear it.

“………”

I don’t know how long it had been. Maybe a few seconds, maybe hours. My closed eyes made it impossible to perceive the time correctly.

Finally, Sagiri left my chest.

After a moment of silence…I asked:

“Is that enough?”

“Yeah…probably --- you can open your eyes now.”

I opened my eyes,.

In front of me, Sagiri was half-kneeling, half-sitting on the bed. She was blushing, and her eyes were full of confidence.

“So…secret training…completed….I’m definitely not going to lose.”

“Really? I don’t really get it – but you could use the*hidden meaning* just from that?”

“Probably.”

“Probably…Did you learn about it by yourself?”

The way to train that hidden meaning.

I thought she would nod, but she didn’t.

“…It’s still not perfect. But I think I can win now.”

“Hey hey, it’s not good enough. You need to be ---“

I tried to voice my concern, but she interrupted.

“No.”

“W, why?”

I off-handedly asked, but Sagiri blushed furiously. It’s almost like I could boil an egg on her body.

“ ~~~~~~~~~ No means no!”

“Now is not the time to be embarrassed! If you lose –“

“You’re right, but no means no!” She waved her fist at me, and yelled.

…………If that much embarrassment came from “training to use the hidden meaning” and still counted as “not perfect” then….

“Don’t think of anything strange!”

“I didn’t!”

“It’s not something perverted like you thought! This…this is an act of holiness! Right now, as a little sister, it’s impossible!”

“????”

Not something perverted – but an act of God. As a little sister, it’s impossible.

What was that supposed to mean? I totally didn’t get it at all.

“Anyway – while it’s still not perfect, I can say that this time, I will win for sure.”

Sagiri stood up, grabbed her mask, and announced:

“Leave it to me.”

The next day.

The unmasked death Mach – Eromanga-sensei VS Eromanga-sensei G.

I came to a building prepared in Tokyo, the same company that streams Sagiri’s live videos. The drawing contest would be held there.

Of course, hikikomori like Sagiri couldn’t come here. Both of the participants would stay at home. Company employees would take the live video from their home and broadcast it. During the battle, Eromanga-sensei and Great could freely hoeld a conversation.

“………Crap….I felt that this was getting bigger and bigger.”

I glanced at the studio and muttered to myself.

How did it turn out that way? Of course it must be Kagurazaka-san’s work.

Since Elf and Army decided on this fight by themselves, the match between the two Eromanga-senseis had become famous among the light novel industry.

As Izumi Masamune and Eromanga-sensei's editor, there was no way Kagurazaka-san could miss this chance. She (without noticing me) made contact with Eromanga-sensei the Great and prepared everything – like now.

Now, "the unmasked death match between Eromanga-sensei VS Eromanga-sensei G" had turned into an advertisement event for the publishing company.

By the way, she told me absolutely none of this. I did try to call her, but ---

「This is a rare chance to make an advertisement for Izumi Masamune-sensei! It will be useful!」

"What part of it is useful? I don't know how to handle this much chaos!"

「Well, it has been chaotic from the beginning hasn't it ~ don't worry ♪ As long as you win – winning is good – winning is a good advertisement ♪」

"What are you saying? If, I lose ---"

「Losing could be an advertisement too. But I don't think Eromanga-sensei could handle being unmasked. Really, what a weak-hearted illustrator.」

I had no choice but to agree with her there.

"Unmask death match" – if she lost, Eromanga-sensei would have to unmask in front of everyone on live television.

I feared that…as weak-heart as Sagiri is, she wouldn't be able to continue working as an illustrator.

「*Sekaimo*[6] is a novel that couldn't change its illustrator mid-way. If Eromanga-sensei couldn't draw anymore, your novel is done for too, Izumi-sensei. This match is really too big of a risk.」

"If you know that, then why…."

「But Izumi-sensei told me -- *Eromanga-sensei would definitely win. Don't worry about it.*」

"I did say that, but ---"

While it was a chaotic mess from the start, but Eromanga-sensei couldn't avoid it, she didn't want to avoid this match, there was no need to make it so big. Such a big stage…now winning or losing had become much more important.

She cut off my escape route. Damn it.

Kagurazaka-san asked:

「Eh…could it be…you aren't sure you can win? That's not something I expected…is it that bad? Can you win?」

Why are you trying to calm me down now?

「If your chance at losing is too big, you have to tell me right at the beginning. It's your fault to keep saying that your side will win so I made a wrong decision. Anyway, the current situation is Izumi-sensei's fault. It will all be on your head when we decide who gets to take the blame.」

I did say that "Eromanga-sensei will definitely win", but that was from the trust I had with my partner – ahhh….every time I talked with her, it turned out this way.

So it's my fault…?

---

[6] **Sekai**De Ichiban Kawaii **Imo**uto: The CutestLittle Sister in the World

「In that case…let's see…if Eromanga-sensei loses, you have to get on the stage…and give me some nice illustrations…no…you should prepare to console your little sister who was deeply affected and make sure she recovers quickly.」

"Of course! I don't need you to tell me that."

I answered…and titled my head….

Eh? Just now…didn't she…say something strange?

"Er, Kagurazaka-san? Just now, what did you say?"

「Hm? I told you to prepare to console your little sister who was deeply affected and make sure she recovers quickly.」

"W, W, Why are you talking like Eromanga-sensei is my little sister…!"

I panicked, but Kagurazaka-san….

「Why? Eromanga-sensei is your little sister, Sagiri-chan, isn't it? Of course I know, I'm your editor.」

"But! But you said you have never meet Eromanga-sensei!"

「We have never **met**. But normally when I have something to discuss, I still use your real name to contact you --- when you made your debut, since you were still a minor, I had to talk with your parents too. I told you before, I still have a connection with your guardian, Kyouka-san.」

"But I don't know anything about it! I only learned that my partner of three years was my little sister recently."

Why the heck did no one tell me?

Hearing my question, Kagurazaka-san answered in a matter-of-fact tone:

「One of the conditions to sign a contract includes absolute protection of personal information.」

"………!"

Yes! I knew that! I remembered reading it too.

But…but! It wasn't right! Does no one see that it was too much! Those adults…none of them told me anything when I first met Sagiri! We had to find out each other's identities on our own.

「Absolute protection of personal information includes protection from family members too. Er, since you already knew this, I could tell you without worrying….By the way, Eromanga-sensei also told me to *keep it secret between siblings*…so you two only found out recently?」

"Kuh…."

Yes, we did.

「You really are too dense.」

"Ohhhhhhh…."

I…I don't want to accept it…although…although she was right…

All we need to do is contact the publisher and ask for Eromanga-sensei's contact information and identity. Even if someone claimed otherwise, we would know immediately -- Kyaahhhhh!!

I'm such an idiot! There were so many chances but I wasted them all! I'm as big an idiot as those stupid light novel male protagonists!

--- In short, we had a conversation like this yesterday.

Right now, I'm standing in front of the studio and about to enter.

Today I come here as a guest, a part-time master of ceremonies and a judge of the unmasked death match. Viewers could watch everything live.

I had come to the studio before to participate in an autograph event. It felt the same anyway.

“Crap….I’m getting cold feet.”

I don’t want my classmates to find out about me. But going out there is the best way to show my support to Eromanga-sensei. Not to mention a chance for advertising like Kagurazaka-san said.

…Sagiri is probably more nervous than I am, how could I be getting cold feet now?

I slapped at my face a few times to clear my head, and then ---

「Please welcome your judges! Please come in!」

Miss MC opened the door. I pushed my stiff body to move to the stage.

“Hello, everyone….I’m Izumi Masamune! Right now I’m writing *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* with Eromanga-sensei!”

Fufu, I’m a star now….. I finished my greeting and tried to think positive.

In front of me was a big camera. I could see the reflection of my twisted expression.

「Izumi-sensei has arrived ~!」「Eh? He is not a beautiful girl?」「So young! Really young!」「Are you dating Yamada Elf-sensei?」「Are you Senjyu-sensei’s lover?」

--- A lots of comments came at me. Some of them had a hint of bitterness.

Are you dating Yamada Elf-sensei? – Skip. Not really okay, but now wasn’t the time. But – lover? What the heck?

So netizens considered me Muramasa-senpai’s lover now? They see me as a two timer who is dating both Elf and Muramasa-senpai?

Oh my….I really want to die now…..!

If my classmates knew about this, I wouldn’t dare to show my face at school again.

“A…ah…”

While I was trying to smile, the others judges arrived.

--- By the way, I don’t know anything about them, it’s probably to ensure equality.

Sure enough, after me, bigwig illustrators, famous Vocaloid producers, and popular live broadcasters were called and entered the studio. And then, the last person was...

“Yamada Elf! In the name of my God Eye, I will make a perfect judgement!”

A very familiar beautiful female novelist.

After her grand introduction, Elf off-handedly sat down next to me.

“Please take care of me, Izumi Masamune-sensei ♪”

“…….Please take care of me.”

I coldly replied.

“I should have known…If I’m here as Eromanga-sensei’s judge…then it’s understandable that you would be here too.”

“Kufufu, of course!”

To ensure equality, they invited Eromanga-sensei Great - Army’s close friend and partner. Kagurazaka-san won’t let any side have a disadvantage.

Forget it. Elf won’t favor anyone anyway. She thinks such things are “uninteresting”.

“Neh, neh, Masamune ♪ What happened to Eromanga-sensei afterwards? Was my power up helpful? Could she understand the hidden meaning? Could she fight against my right hand man, Eromanga-sensei the Great?”

See? She is that kind of person.

Even against a strong opponent, she still decided to help her enemy.

“Can’t say. Watch and see.” Came my reply.

Elf looked lost and frightened, she timidly asked:

“?…….Eh……….. Masamune………are you angry?”

I snorted, turned back:

“Hm, I hate you.”

“!”

Hearing that, Elf paled.

“Wh, why? How could you?”

“As smart as you are, you should know the answer already.”

“Ah! I know! You are angry because the one you love, me, has betrayed you!”

“No, idiot!”

Why am I acting this way?

“Eh? Could it be…I let Great…..push Eromanga-sensei too hard…so you got angry?”

What else? Of course! Why don’t you get it?

Aside from those ridiculous God Eyes – Elf is very sharp, and very good at reading people. She would worry about them – she was thoughtful, careful, and gentle.

How could she not understand why I'm angry?

Because she did something I didn't want to happen – she did it to Sagiri? .

Didn't she? It doesn't seem right…

"…..I get it now. You ---"

My anger disappeared, I closed my eyes.

" --- From your point of view….you must think that what you did was something very interesting."

"Eh? Yes? Why are you saying something so obvious? A very strong opponent, a battle that you can't lose – isn't it interesting? This is a great chance to get lots of fame – I gave you such great gift, why do you hate me?"

Elf was on the verge of tears – she really didn't get it.

Hearing the reason, at first I was surprised, then my anger completely disappeared.

"Ha…how should I put it….you…really are a big self-centered idiot!"

"I don't really get it, but you like me again, right?"

"What an idiot! Really – even as our enemy, you're still so reliable!"

"It sounds like a good praise."

While we were butting heads instead of the Eromanga-senseis, Miss MC interrupted:

“Izumi-sensei ~ Yamada-sensei ~ sorry to interrupt your sweet conversation ~ can we begin?”

“Ah, sorry!”

“Alright! We’ll settle it at home, Masamune!”

Kuh…what you said could easily lead to misunderstandings…

The incoming comments were full of 「Go to hell!」, 「So the rumor is true」 and 「What the!」 ---

“Next is – the unmasked death match between Eromanga-sensei and Eromanga-sensei the Great! Start!”

The battle had begun.

In front of us, a canvas of white cloth appeared. The word Eromanga-sensei G appeared in the corner. Looked like it was Great’s.

During the time she was drawing, a smaller window appeared showing half of Great’s frame. Usually they used this trick in commercial programs.

「So – let me introduce myself while drawing.」

Since she used a voice changer too, Army’s voice was different.

「I’m Eromanga-sensei the Great! I’m the real Eromanga-sensei. Today I entered this fight with my penname and my mask at risk! That’s why I call it the unmasked death match! Well, please take care of me.」

「Uohhhhhhhhhhhh」 「I saw this during the last live video!」 「Super Ero so cute!」 「The real Eromanga-sensei!」 「Eromanga Flash lolololololololol」

From the comments, people looked excited.

“Wow ~ so famous ~! What kind of person is Eromanga-sensei the Great?”

Following the atmosphere, Miss MC also explained.

“Next is the one who was challenged! The former Eromanga-sensei!”

Shut up! Even it’s for the sake of simplifying, don’t add the word former! You made it sound like we already lost!

The screen cut to Eromanga-sensei’s side, with a smaller windows showing her upper body.

“Like you already know, I’m Eromanga-sensei.”

Her voice had also gone through a voice changer.

“Just for today, I won’t say that I don’t know someone with such an embarrassing nickname. Today I am taking this fight to prove that I’m the real thing!”

「Former Eromanga-sensei lolololol」「No problem lolololol」「But you lost last time lololol」「I still believe that Eromanga-sensei will win! 」

--- Those comments looked fierce. Well, she did lose once.

This reaction was normal. Frankly speaking, it didn’t turn into a one-side commentary due to her loyal fans.

If the audience know that if she lost, she wouldn’t be able to continue to work as an illustrator, more would cheer for her. My little sister was loved by so many people.

But – this won’t be a fair fight anymore. That wasn’t what Eromanga-sensei wanted.

「Last time, I lost. But now is not the same as before. I only have one thing to say.」

Eromanga-sensei coughed:

「This time, I will draw the cutest, and most erotic girl! Just wait for it!」

「Uoooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!」

Although the comments were words only –I could feel their shouting.

On the other hands, two illustrators finished talking and began to focus on drawing.

Eromanga-sensei was more focused this time, her pen was moving very fast.

The smaller windows showed the illustrators before zooming in on the canvas.

“Excellent, thank you for your resolve! Viewer’s comments are also coming!”

Miss MC continued to explain:

“During this time, allow us to explain the rules! Eromanga-sensei, Eromanga-sensei G – will draw an illustration with the topic *beautiful girl*! Then five judges will rate them!”

The conditions to rating – “whoever draws a cuter girl will win”

A very simple, effective solution to find out the winner.

“The winner will be decided by a majority vote” Miss MC raised three fingers “In other words, the winner only needs three votes! The winner will succeed the legendary penname Eromanga-sensei!”

By the way, lots of comments said 「there is no need for that!」

I understand what they were thinking, but both sides wanted this fight.

And so…the fight continued.

Like the introduction, both sides chose the same character to draw – the female protagonist in Izumi Masamune's newest novel *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*

Great also used Eromanga-sensei's drawing style instead of hers. Because of that, the drawings looked a lot like volume one's cover page.

"…..The drawing is already very good."

Army-sensei is better at drawing ecchi girls. I didn't think that she would be able to perfectly use another drawing style.

Could it be she is that good, not just in drawing novel's illustration, but manga too?

I don't exactly know much when it comes to drawing, but I knew that copying other's writing styles in writing was extremely difficult. So copying other's drawings should be very difficult as well.

It was so scary that I could only imagine how terrifying it would be. She must be the strongest opponent that Sagiri - Eromanga-sensei has faced until now.

Suddenly, a window popped up and showed Great:

"Fufufu, …hey fake Eromanga-sensei, do you know why I decided to challenge you now?"

…What…is she trying to say?

"I have known about you for a long time. For at least three years – just when you made your debut. But I didn't contact you until now – do you know why?"

Another small window popped up and showed Eromanga-sensei.

"Because….three years ago, *Master* was still alive?"

"Partly" Great answered "Back then, I felt sorry for whoever had to put up with this embarrassing penname. But *Master* is no longer here…I couldn't accept that you used that penname without telling me. That's one of the reasons like you said."

"But I will not give it to anyone! Even if that person is Master's daughter!"

"However, there was another very important reason for me."

Another reason for Army – Eromanga-sensei the Great to request this fight.

"…Hey Elf, is there any other reasons?" I glanced sideways and asked my enemy, who only shook her head.

"…This is the first time I've heard about it too. To tell the truth, I only helped a bit. I don't actually know the reason that made Army-chan want to challenge Eromanga-sensei."

"Hey, you're her co-worker, her friend, her partner in crime, yet you don't know?"

When she said "Army told me everything" I thought that meant she knew everything, but it turns out she didn't.

"What about your God Eyes? Use those."

"Actually….there were some arguments between Army-chan and I…we only made up recently."

"Huh? Really?"

I didn't think that was the case. Although they had some minor arguments because of the illustrations –they seemed really close.

"There was something ~ I overdid…During the time we had a falling out, we didn't talk to each other unless it was something work related – so for the last few months, I didn't really understand what was going on in Army-chan's head. Sorry."

"…Mwu…"

"In my opinion – I think that Army-chan challenged Eromanga-sensei because she had a falling out with me, so there was no one for her to talk to."

But something wasn't right. We are lacking something – Elf added.

Although she didn't say anything specific, but I had the same feeling.

While I wanted to know why Elf did and Army pick a fight with us, it wasn't too important.

Great hid her anger under her mask and laughed:

"Why did I pick this way to have a fight with you? Because it would be easier to decide a winner. We both will draw a character the same way, everyone could see who the better illustrator is. It's very important – very very important."

--- Ah ah, now I remember.

"Sagi – Eromanga-sensei, I want to beat you, I want to unmask you. Your drawings compared to mine…are inferior, both in skills and experience! I have been studying since I was small, I'm better than you! I have to prove this!"

Army didn't continue, but I got it. I got it because I could relate to what she was feeling.

Why did Army have to prove she was better? For that person to see.

"For my next book, I want Eromanga-sensei to help draw the illustrations!"

"Right now, although my current beautiful and genius illustrator Army-chan could draw naked illustrations that made people excited --- she isn't as good as Eromanga-sensei"

"I was totally captured by his illustrations! You can say that I love him!"

During our first meeting, that was what Elf said.

"Elf ~~~~~~~~~ So you are the cause of all this!"

"….It does….look…that way….."

Next to me, Elf had realized too. She broke into cold sweat.

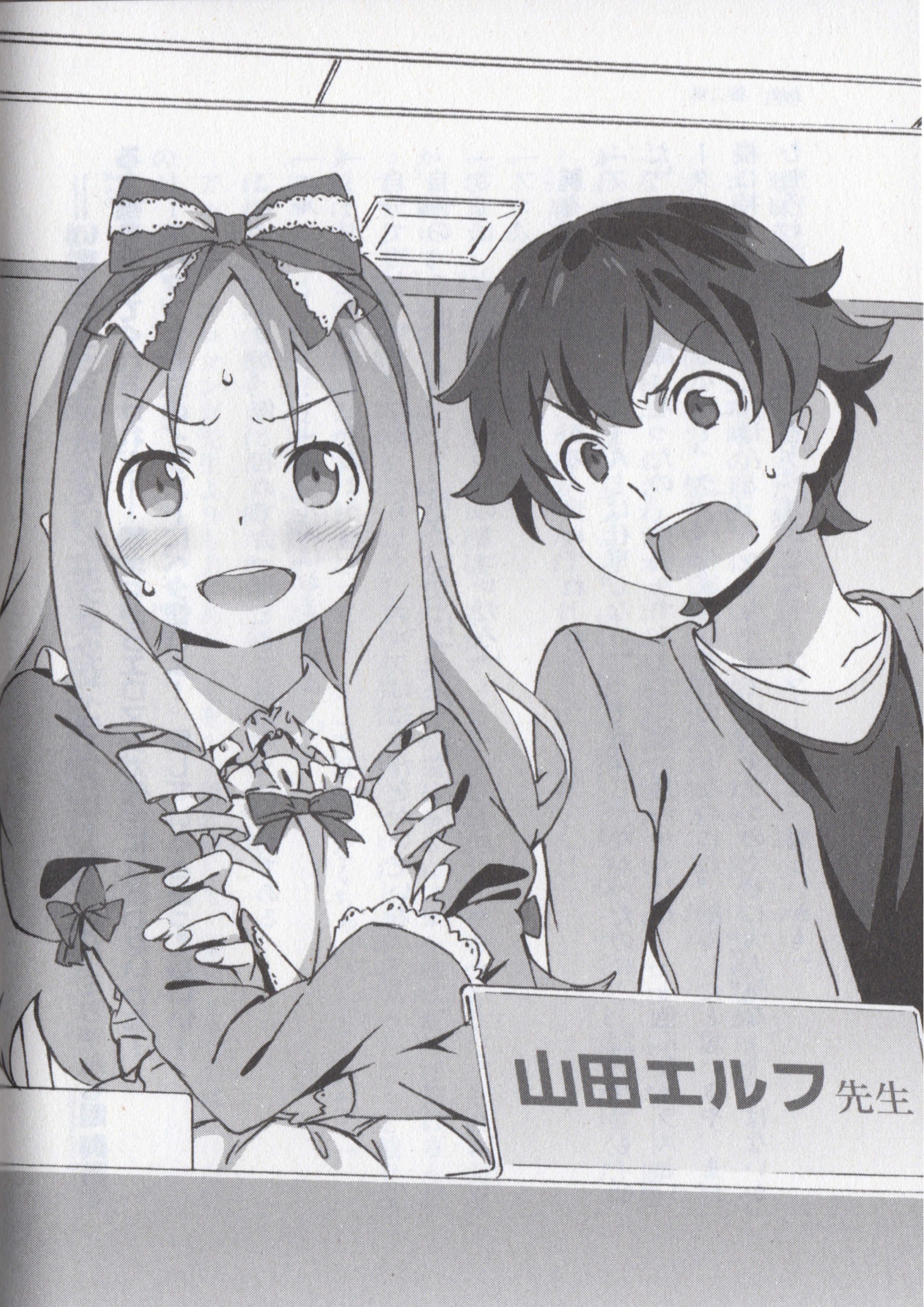
God Eyes my ass! She couldn't use them on herself!

"So that was the reason for this fight?"

"Yeah."

You still fold your arms across your chest in pride? I'm not praising you!

"When we had a fight I didn't mean "I won't co-operate with Army-chan anymore"…but she still didn't approve….Actually, for a light novel writer, switching to a better illustrator is nothing strange, so I thought she didn't mind…it seemed like I was wrong. Really, Army-chan….look how old you are, why are you still acting like a child – no, saying that isn't right. I should feel honored, right? Ehehe…I'm beginning to like it."


山田エルフ先生

Elf blushed and explained.

As the primary culprit, can you please show a bit of repentance?

In short, because Elf praised Eromanga-sensei's illustrations and said she wanted to work together, Army got angry. Of course, what she said about "not giving up the penname" was right too, but that wasn't the main reason.

To tell the truth, I can't really approve a reason born out of jealousy. But I do understand how she feels.

We are the same after all. Both Army and I fought because we didn't want to see "Elf take Eromanga-sensei."

「I will not lose」, 「Only I deserve to win」 -- we shared an immovable resolve.

The old enemy that Army spoke of wasnone other than Sagiri.

Let me continue my explanation.

On the stage, five judges included Elf and I stood side by side. Next to us was Miss MC with her microphone.

In front of us was the screen showing the battle between the two illustrators. It was showing Eromanga-sensei's drawing at the moment.

Then two windows popped open, and moved sideways until they didn't cover too much of the screen. Just like a commercial show.

From our last conversation, we understood the reason Eromanga-sensei the Great challenged us --

Facing this burning battle spirit, Eromanga-sensei calmly answered:

"To tell the truth, when I lost to you last time…I didn't feel any regret."

" --- "

Great paused for a moment. Even I was surprised because of this sudden moment of weakness.

"When I truly see a good drawing, I feel nothing but respect. For me, a drawing that is better than mine is something wonderful – I didn't think one bit about how I have to win or have any ill intentions. The better the drawing, the better the character, the more I like it…Of course I don't like the fact that you copied my drawing style, but that's all."

Every illustrator is like that – Eromanga-sensei concluded.

Is that true? Maybe there are a lot of illustrators like Elf who like to pick fights against others?

But….Sagiri wasn't the type who draws to fight anyone.

"Not to mention….it was very nostalgic….very, happy..."

"I felt like I could see my *Master* again after so long."

"…….."

……..So that was her feeling.

She felt like she could see her mother – the first Eromanga-sensei's drawing skill.

She was very happy.

I see…so that's it.

"Back then, I thought that if someone deserves this penname more than me, I could give it to them without worry….it isn't like it will affect our dream anyway…there is nothing wrong with it.

Sagiri and Eromanga-sensei's voice fused together, she began to add color to her drawing.

"But in the end, I rejected this idea."

Her drawing style changed. It wasn't graceful and quick like usual. It was different from Army's too.

"I have a reason that I cannot lose."

The screen didn't show her hand.

But even then – from her style, I could sense it was gentler than before.

"Because someone told me to win."

Raging spirit.

"The answer lies with me."

…Sagiri…

Stop….I….we are doing it live right now….

…I'm going to cry.

"That's why today I will win."

Not a boast. Not a self-mocking statement. A very calm declaration.

"Is that so? Then let's see how it will end!"

Army excitedly replied and kept attacking.

The screen switched to Great's drawing. Now it was on the same level of the drawing that beat Sagiri before.

Finally ---

“Done!”

“Finished!”

They both finished at the same time.

“Everyone, sorry for keep you waiting. ~~~~~~~~~~~ Now is the moment we are waiting for! The illustration to decide the winner is now ~~~~~~~~~~~ finished!”

With exaggerated movement, Miss MC announced.

By the way, ten minutes before both side finished, to increase the tension, viewers (and the judges) was blocked from seeing the finished drawing. During that time, the MC and judges chatted to pass time.

The background music slowly rose, a total opposite of the atmosphere.

“So ~~~~~~~~~~~ let’s begin! We will take turns to see the drawing of the girl from both illustrators.

She raised a hand to the screen.

“First, from the challenger, Eromanga-sensei the Great! Please”

Snap Army – Eromanga-sensei the Great’s drawing appeared on the screen.

Both the viewers and the artist saw the same thing.

“ --------- “

And everyone, from Miss MC to the judges were stunned speechless.

A mountain of comments that had been going from the beginning went silent.

“Truly ---- Amazing! Amazing amazingamazing! An amazing illustration! I, I was speechless! Ah…was that my imagination? The drawing….was shining ~~~~~ !?”

Miss MC twisted her tongue, she could only wave her microphone around:

“This is the final hidden meaning of the first Eromanga-sensei! *Eromanga Flash!!!* Eromanga-sensei the Great! Eromanga-sensei the Great! Today he answered the audience’s wishes with an amazing drawing! Today, during this legendary competition, he showed us ~~~~~~~~~~ ! Cough cough cough!!”

She choked. Probably from trying too hard.

“………”

I looked up at the drawing again.

The same drawing style of Sagiri – Eromanga-sensei, its base was similar to my newest novel’s cover page. It looked like this competition’s topic had turned into draw an illustration of Heroine Little sister

So both sides tried to draw *a cute little sister*….looked like the fight had another layer of meaning within it.

“…Crap.”

Just from a glance, I feared that Sagiri simply had no chance at all.

This drawing was fueled from *a one-side love*, so that the character inside could move anyone.

The special skill that made people loves the girl in the drawing.

Eromanga-sensei couldn’t possibly make anything better than this.

Even if she could use the hidden meaning – that wasn’t enough.

Because…

As the original author, I have to admit Great's drawing is better than the first volume's cover page. After co-operated with Eromanga-sensei for so long, I knew it from the bottom of my heart.

This feeling was unbearable! I couldn't stop myself from grabbing my chest ---

"There is something else."

Great said. A small window appeared and showed the black mask.

"I used *The imperfect Eromanga Flash*, but it was still really hard – I couldn't draw it with any pictures. I couldn't just put my heart intoeverything. Simply put, I only use it with something I like – "

Great pointed at me:

"Izumi-sensei. I'm your fan now. The first volume of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* is very good! Very touching! My partner is very good at writing cute girls– but you two are on the same level! I could say that yours is better in some aspect! That's true! Everything is true! You can say that I love her!"

That was the highest praise that Great – Army could give.

……..Everything she said was her true feelings.

That's why she could happily read my novel, put her heart into it – so that she could use her strongest skill.

"Grr… Army-chan…."

The glare of envy that Elf shot me was the best evidence of that.

Army – Great's face was hidden by the mask, so no one knew what her expression was like.

"So, after seeing Sekaimo's illustrations, I thought – if I put my heart into them, they will be better." " ---------- "

Great turned to me and dealt the finishing blow:

“From now on, I’m Eromanga-sensei. Please take care of me, partner.”

That may become true in the future.

I looked down, bit my lip and didn’t say anything.

“Next is Eromanga-sensei’s drawing! It’s time to find out the winner ~~~~~~~~ ”

As soon as Eromanga-sensei’s drawing was shown ---- the battle will end

Great will – Army will become the next Eromanga-sensei, become my partner.

That was what she thought.

While I hoped that wouldn’t happen, my heart was in chaos.

To a novelist, to me – it would be a great advantage if I had a good illustrator’s help.

The beauty of light novels could only shine with both its illustration and text.

I could hear the cry of the novelist in me.

Thinking back, during my debut, I had the same feeling too.

That’s why, back then – I told her “Win for me.” But….

“What is with your face? Are you an idiot?”

My partner’s voice came.

I looked up and saw the familiar mask. It also prevented me from seeing her expression.

“Haha, are you thinking that I’m going to lose?”

The voice changer made it hard for me to know what she was feeling.

“Well, she is my senior, of course she has more experience, good at both theory and practice, multi-talented, and she won during our last fight….not to mention that she is Izumi-sensei’s fan, who can pour her heart into drawing. She could also use my drawing style to make an amazing illustration. I could understand that you are worried – because you can’t see how I could win. However…”

Although I didn’t know what her expression was.

“I said, the answer lies with me.”

But I could sense her smile.

“Believe in me. I will win.”

She smiled.

A decisive line…just like a light novel heroine.

“You asked how I could be so sure.Haha, isn’t it clear already?”

In my eyes, the coolest heroine raised a finger:

“There is only one factor that will decide the victor.”

“No drawing of a little sister could be cuter than me!”

"Finally! Vote ended! The victor….the victor is ----------------"

"The victor is Eromanga-sensei!"

Chapter 3

“Oh yeah ~~ back then Eromanga-sensei was so cool!”

“I-I don’t know anyone with that name!”

That was a few days after the unmask death match.

Inside *the locked room,* I laughed with my little sister.

“ *No drawing of a little sister could be cuter than me*……yeah righttttttt! I like it! Everyone thought that you were really going to lose! I thought even with the Eromanga Flash you still couldn’t win! Yet you turned it into a crushing victory!”

“Stop…stop saying….after the event…you keep saying it more and more….”

My little sister blushed in embarrassment when I mentioned the scene back then. But in my excitement, I kept talking.

“I will say it as many times as I like! Thank you…for winning.”

“……………..Um.”

Still blushing, Sagiri nodded.

Frankly speaking, this time Eromanga-sensei is super cool.

Even if I don’t know her, even if I still thought that “Eromanga-sensei was an old man”, my feelings remained unchanged.

“If I were a girl, I would have fallen for Eromanga-sensei.”

“Really….I-Idiot.”

A long time ago….I fell in love at first sight with the dreamy Sagiri.

A few days ago, I fell for the super cool Eromanga-sensei.

And they are the same person --- I was a bit confused.

I like her so much that I don’t know what to do. Just standing in front of her made my heart race.

I tried to act normally, and asked:

“Say Sagiri….during that unmask death match….you picked an illustration for Sekaimo.”

“…Yes.”

“Did you choose that character after reading my manuscript?”

“…..No.”

Sagiri pouted, and shook her head.

“I only read it after the fight….the manuscript….I knew that Army-chan would pick a similar character…if I had read it beforehand….that would have been cheating.”

“Is that so?”

I don’t agree though. Both sides were free to draw whatever they wanted. Army herself decided to *draw the same character as Eromanga-sensei*.

Still ---

“That would be cheating.”

See. My little sister had her own sense of pride.

“Eh, if that was the case….then it didn’t make any sense. Without reading my second volume manuscript, how could Eromanga-sensei draw an illustration that suited it?”

Yes. During that unmask death match, Sagiri’s drawing looked like it was made for the second volume of *the cutest little sister in the world,*

“That…was actually…just a coincidence.”

“Coincidence?”

Sagiri nodded, then she relaxed.

“After reading the first volume…I felt that…the second volume….for those siblings….it should be this way…so…”

“……………………Eh”

I blushed, I didn’t know what to say. Because…the illustration that Sagiri drew with the hidden meaning of Eromanga Flash is…

An illustration of a "little sister in love"

On the cover page of volume one, the little sister still had her feelings hidden….and in volume two of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*, after a lot of things happened, she slowly started to fall in love with her brother.

To tell the truth, when I wrote this, I put my wishes *to improve my relationship with my little sister*inside of it.

"Sagiri…this…this mean…you…."

"Ah!"

She noticed what I was about to say.

"It's not like that. I-I – I didn't mean that I wanted to improve my relationship with you! This is from the novel, that little sister isn't me ----"

She clenched her hands, and waved them in a panic, while shouting:

"There, there is no love here! Don't have any strange misunderstanding!"

Normally her voice was so quiet that it was almost impossible to hear, who could have thought she could yell so loud.

"I, I got it! Anyway, I only wanted to express my admiration, your illustration was super cute, and super amazing! So, I have decided!"

I opened my arms wide:

"Let's make it the cover page for volume two!"

"Huh?"

Hearing my proposal, Sagiri's eyes widened. I turned to her and repeated it once more:

"I want to use that illustration as cover page for volume two, which is scheduled to be sold this December!"

"…Sure, okay."

Thus, I made my decision about the cover page of volume two.

"Say…"

"…What? Is there something else?"

Her tone suggested that this was the time for me to get out.

To think that she was smiling just now and agreed with me about the second volume's cover page…so heartless.

I even thought that the current atmosphere was nice!

"I felt that recently….are you a bit… displeased?"

"It…it was...Nii-san."

"Me?"

Sagiri gave me half a glare and mimicked my tone:

"*…Say…Sagiri, are you still using Eromanga Flash?*.....You are sexual harassing me with such a naughty expression on your face…."

"I only wanted to ask! How could it count as sexual harassment?"

"It was! *Do you need me to pat your head in order to use Eromanga Flash? -- It's good then! I will help you every time you ask!* You definitely think that way!"

You don't have to say it out!

"No…I didn't…have such….indecent thoughts."

"….Really?"

Sagiri glared fiercely at me, while I averted my eyes from her gaze.

"…..No….probably….just a bit."

"I knew it! So you did think that way!"

Sagiri immediately stood up and thrust her finger at me:

"Nii, Nii-san you pervert! Siscon!"

"Sorry! An-anyway!"

I tried to stop talking about this topic.

"It wasn't the only reason….that made you displeased, right?"

"……."

Sagiri looked away, and pouted.

See!? I knew it! There was another reason!

Actually…I felt that I could guess what it was.

"Am I right? You…were thinking about *that incident* with Army, weren't you?"

"……Mwu."

….Ah, I was right.

Let me explain everything.

Because Eromanga-sensei's Eromanga Flash sudden appearance, she won against Great.

Since it was the unmask death match, Eromanga-sensei the Great was forced to drop the black mask and revealed herself for the whole world to see.

“U…U…I…I never thought that…I would lose….”

She truly didn’t think that she would lose.

Great – Army hugged her body and trembled. Her strong and dominating aura had long disappeared. Her masculine behavior, too.

“…What…what should I do…I lose….I will have to….drop my mask…..”

Maybe….just maybe she is actually a delicate girl.

She cried when she wanted, she laughed when she wanted, she got angry when she wanted – she always showed her feeling without restraint.

This is only a theory, but maybe is actually bad at flexibility and didn’t think this through.

Could that be the case? The reason for this fight?

She was so careful around males, maybe not only because she likes girls….but also because she is scared of men?

Elf choose this moment to yell:

“Alright! Eromanga-sensei Great! What are you hesitating about! Accept this defeat properly as a loss, hurry up and drop your mask!”

“Hey hey”

“Don’t stop me Masamune! My style includes beating up on losers! You could only feel happy in victory because you will taste regret and pain in defeat!”

“It isn’t right! Elf-sensei, you are an accomplice! Why are you talking like you are the winner?”

You're the loser here, right? You don't have any right to say that!

Hearing my flat statement, Elf "Eh?" then suddenly ~~ blushed.

"Masamune…you…you….you! You wanted me to strip in front of the whole world? You wanted me to show my scared naked body in front of the countless people?"

"I never said that! Please don't talk like I forced a naughty punishment game on you!"

You do know that the whole world is listening?

Elf looked like she didn't hear me and absurdly stood up.

"Al-alright! I couldn't let Ar…Great strip alone! In that case, together, we will ---- "

Since when did *unmask* became *strip naked* in her head? Are they really going to strip in front of countless people?

In my head, my neighbor's pervert ranking kept rising. At this time:

"Wait…just wait!"

Great barely managed to say:

"….Right now…I will…drop my mask…because…because…at least….."

Her voice was weak and mechanical.

"….This humiliation…I…I will take that…alone…."

To protect Elf from stripping, she had mentally prepared herself.

Also, because of their mess, we skipped the part when I planned to tell them not to *unmask*. Thus, all I could do was wait in silence for Army to drop her mask.

"………"

This was a live video. In front of countless viewers, first Great dropped her coat. And so, her pink ponytail, and her pure white neck was revealed for all to see.

“!?” “Wow….”

Those who didn’t know Great’s identify, of course, were very surprised.

The image of Great’s identity in their mind was completely different from the female figure on the screen.

Great – Army put a hand on her mask, and made her decision.

“This, this is it!”

Her cute face appeared in front of everyone.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee ------------------------------------!”

The stage became very loud. Because for a lot of people here, this was the first time they saw a famous illustrator’s real face.

“Ha? Ha!?”

“It’s not an old man!”

“Hey…for real….is it for real?”

“!?!?!?!? Lolololol!”

“Great is so cuteeeeeeeeeeeee ---------!”

The chaos that followed still hadn’t ended.

The news “Great’s identity is a beautiful girl” quickly spread on the Internet.

Besides, thanks to Elf's twitter that had Army's picture, the mystery surrounding the beautiful illustrator all disappeared. And the result was ----

The beautiful illustrator Army-chan became every otaku's idol after a single night.

And about Army, who is scared of men:

"…………..Eh? Ah, ah…..?"

After seeing everyone's reaction, which was outside of her expectations, she was confused for a moment before grasping the situation:

"Yaa ~ So embarrassing! Am I that cute?"

She looked like an eyeshore.

Army-chan is scared of men – but if it was via the Internet then it's fine.

"………….."

On the other hand, while she won, Eromanga-sensei was treated like a disgusting old man and ignored.

"…………..I'm the winner…but…"

Amidst the cheers for Army, no one listened to her.

And then, the next day. Due to everyone's flattery, Army learned from Eromanga-sensei and made a website to share her live videos.

In the end, a lot of Eromanga-sensei's viewer switched sides. They said "Compare to Eromanga-sensei, I like the cute Army-chan more!"

Now, the website of "The beautiful illustrator Army-chan's live video" took the top place among video sharing websites. At the same time, Eromanga-sensei's live video website's ranking dropped because the loss of viewers.

Total defeat.

Even though she won the drawing match. Not to mention that she won't lose when it is came to appearance.

--- In short, that was what happened.

"Really – of course Sagiri wouldn't be able to accept this result! I could understand why feel unhappy! I couldn't accept it either! My little sister was much cuter! You won't lose to Army when it comes to beauty! I really want to show it to those guys!"

"I-Idiot."

She lightly tapped my shoulder:

"…Army-chan could gain more fans…because she is capable….I…I don't hate it at all. I will quickly win them back."

She pouted. But I still could see that she was displeased ---

"I see! Then, do your best!"

But it wasn't a bad thing.

Elf also said that because you feel regret in defeat, you could feel happy in victory.

Still….it was a hard fight, what should I reward her with then….

"Alright! Then tonight, I will make a feast to celebrate your victory against Eromanga-sensei the Great! Just wait for it!"

"….Even if Nii-san was motivated, you are probably going to make Kinpira."[7]

"What is wrong with that? Kinpira tastes good!"

It seemed like her taste was a bit different from mine.

Still, even with those small changes…

Our sibling's daily life returned to its usual routine.

Although I said that – but the next event quickly showed itself.

The next day, I was having a meeting with Kagurazaka-san at the publishing company.

Yesterday, I received her mail, which said 「There is something important I have to talk about with you. But I can't say it through the phone.」

"………Ka, Kagurazaka-san….what happened."

"Fufufufu….Today I have something important to inform you about, Izumi-sensei."

She showed a mischievous smile.

"……..Oh, oh."

I had a bad feeling that made me want to cry.

This was the same when she was about to reject my novel.

"Today I have something important to inform you about, Izumi-sensei."

"Discontinuation ---! It's too bad ♪ Alright! Try harder next time, okay!"

---

[7] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kinpira

How could someone tell me that with so much happiness in her eyes?

----- In short, because something like that happened, today I was on high alert.

“…..U uuuu u….”

I had mentally prepared myself for anything.

Kagurazaka-san raised two fingers, and spoke to me in a mysterious voice:

“I have a good news and a bad news, which do you prefer to hear first?”

“Whatever! Tell me ~~~ just tell me!”

My answer was desperate. The sooner I got through this, the better.

“Then first is the bad news ♪.”

I can’t believe it. How should she be so happy?

“Actually….after two weeks, Izumi-sensei’s newest novel, *The Cutest Little Sister in the World…..*”

“Yeah yeah…”

“While you have the title of *Best novel in the World Light Novel Tournament* ---“

“…..Bwubwu.”

“Its sales are the worst.”

“Uaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!!”

I covered my head and screamed.

My….our dream…..slowly began to shatter -----

"Aaaaaa….With Sagiri…Why….."

Tear overflowed from my eyes. I couldn't feel the world anymore….

"And then…what is the good news…?"

"We have decided to mass print the second volume."

"Uuuuuuu….Sagiri…Sorry…..Sagiri….Eh?"

I heard something I shouldn't, so I asked again in fear:

"Kagurazaka-san….just now, what did you say?"

"We have decided to mass print the second volume of Sekaimo! Be happy, it's rare to see something printed with such numbers!"

"………………Eh…………..Eh………………………Ehhhhhhhhh?"

I felt like I was thrown from Hell to Heaven in a blink of an eye.

My head was in chaos, I couldn't follow this development at all.

"………. Isn't it…going to be…..Discontinued?"

Kagurazaka-san gave me an antagonistic smile:

"No no – how could a novel that I oversee get discontinued?!"

"But, but just now…you said its sales is the worst."

"Yes – but it was last week. Didn't I made an advertisement a few days ago?"

"Eh?"

Kagurazaka-san made an advertisement? When?

“Look! It was the unmask death match between Eromanga-sensei and Eromanga-sensei the Great!”

“Ah, ah ---“

“It was very well-received! After this match, Izumi-sensei’s novel’s sales suddenly spiked all over the country! Aha – I knew it would turn out this way! If Eromanga-sensei would win, what a great development for me – er – for Izumi-sensei, right?”

“……………….”

Really? I remembered you only blamed me though. We had a great result only because Sagiri beat Great.

Well, forget it. Kagurazaka-san’s effort was real. It was suspicious, but now I was too lazy to bother.

“Then…then….so….”

Kagurazaka-san turned to me, who was still very confused by this development, and flashed her usual smile.

“Congratulation, Izumi-sensei. Do your best on your next work ~ okay!”

“…..Yeah…..”

“Oh yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!”

Another scream, but with the completely opposite feeling from the previous one rang out in the publishing company.

----- Isn’t it great Sagiri! Eromanga-sensei! Our dream is one step closer!

Kuh….! I clenched my hands in happiness.

Kagurazaka-san took this chance to continue:

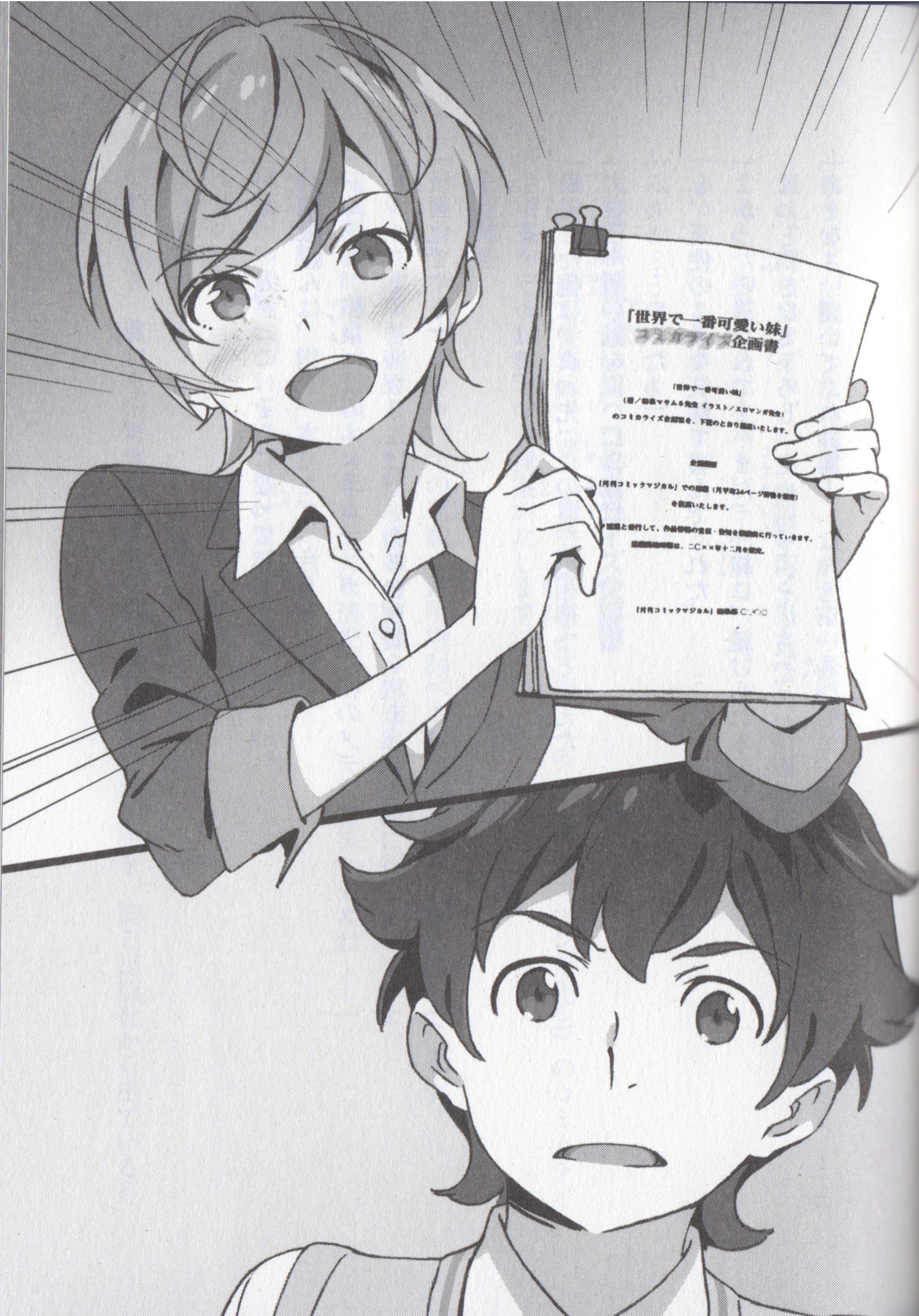
“Not to mention that the media has made their decision too.”

“Are you kidding me – how could it be so fast?”

“Although…it was fast…!”

“Could it be ----“

“It is going to get an anime adaption?"


「世界で一番可愛い妹」
コミカライズ企画書

I pushed down on the table and stood up.

“No it isn’t.”

“Oh….”

I sat back down

Kagurazaka-san raised a finger, and closed an eye:

“Fufu ~ Izumi-sensei X Eromanga-sensei, the first media adaption is ---“

*Tada*Kagurazaka-san took a stack of papers out.

“It is going to get a manga adaption!”

----- And so things continued.

After getting back home, I immediately told my partner about this.

Hearing the mass print of volume two, Sagiri gave me an angelic smile:

“Wow…it’s great.”

“It’s great….this means…we can continue working together…”

She put a hand on her chest and looked relieved.

“There is more! Listen to me Sagiri! Our first media adaption --- volume one is going to get a manga! This is the manuscript!”

I showed her the manuscript. Sagiri slowly turned a page…

“Um…manga huh….”

The manuscript for *The Cutest Little Sister in the World’s* - manga adaption.

This was the detailed plan to make a manga adaption of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* (Author: Izumi Masamune, Illustrator: Eromanga-sensei)

Primary requirement.

Publish in the *Monthly Comic Magical*in chapters (24 pages each)

Together with the monthly publishing, we will keep making advertisement about our novel's news.

The first chapter will be published in December, 20XX

Artist candidate

Please look at the additional reference for a writer candidate list.

----- And so on

In short, our newest light novel *The Cutest Little Sister in the World's* manga series is going to be published by the publishing company's Monthly Comic.

The manuscript included a lot of artists, many of them who had experience working on a serial manga before. Their illustrations for Sekaimo were also included here for me to see.

Personally…I think that their drawing is great.

"I see. So that's what it feels like to have a manga version."

I couldn't help but feel pride towards having the first manga adaption of my career.

"…………Um."

"That was what I felt when Eromanga-sensei drew an illustration that exceeded my expectations ~ fufufu ~ yeah ~ what a fresh experience."

"……………………………….Heh."

"All of those manga artist's drawings looked great too!"

"……………………..Is that so?"

"I was so happy! Eromanga-sensei, what do you think about their drawings? I think that at the very least, we could use their drawing's background as reference ---- eh? Sagiri? What's wrong?"

"…………….Hm….nothing."

"Eeeh? What, what's wrong? Are you getting grumpy again?"

Why? Why did the good news I brought make her grumpy?

"………Mwu."

Unable to figure anything out from Sagiri's expression, I was very troubled.

"…..Did I…do something wrong?"

"…..Nothing."

She didn't even look this way. Just like a kid who was throwing a tantrum – but she was so cute – no, now wasn't the time to get my heart racing.

Sagiri glared at me:

"Nii-san….aren't you happy? About this…manga adaption?"

"Of course I'm."

"Fuuuuuuu ~~~~~ I'm not……..This is….our….."

She looked down and muttered something.

"What?"

“Nothing at all”

“It’s not nothing. If you have something to say, say it. Consider it – a manga adaption’s meeting.”

“…………………….”

She didn’t look at me. Every time I tried to look at her, she quickly averted her eyes. In the end, she even turned her back to me.

Still, she turned her head sideways:

“Got it…then I will say it….my opinion – as an illustrator.”

“Sure sure.”

“Manga version….although it’s a good thing. If *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*can turn into a manga and make more people read it….it will become more famous…and our dream would be one step closer.”

“I know, right! It’s great! We are thinking the same…!”

“However…all of those manga artists here….are unqualified.”

Eromanga-sensei said something unbelievable.

“!? Wh, why?”

“They are completely different from my drawing”

“Well, of course, they are not Eromanga-sensei….Still, I think they are close to your illustrations.”

“……Mwu.”

Even though I like Eromanga-sensei’s illustration the most, even though they suited the story the most, I still wanted to see other’s drawings.

“I… I want to add my requirements”

“!? Ah, of course! You can add anything!” I immediately agreed.

“Then…..”

Eromanga-sensei’s requirement for manga artist…is…

“First, their drawing must look similar to mine. They have to at least be able to fool me unless I take a closer look.”

“……………..”

Hey…this is a very strict requirement…

Eromanga-sensei continued:

“They must like the original story as much as I do. Also, they must have enough knowledge and understanding of the story and the character’s feeling.”

“…………”

“Next is their drawing skill. It must be the same as mine or better.”

“…………..”

“And…can I add one more thing?

Still more?

“Wh, what?”

“It would be great if they are a cute girl.”

“So you only want to sexually harass them!”

Oh Chaos (talk) mwu.

This is bad.

After that, I could only go meet Kagurazaka-san and ask her to find another artist. However ----

“This one is no good. The drawing style is completely different!”

“Rejected. Decent drawing…but it’s soulless.”

“This one probably didn’t like the original story at all.”

“No good.” “This one is not good either.” “I don’t like this one” “Wrong. This girl should be cuter”

“This little sister’s drawing couldn’t arouse people’s desire to lick her panties!”

----- etc…etc ----

My fear had become true.

Here is the requirement that Eromanga-sensei made:

----- Similar drawing style. Unless Eromanga-sensei took a closer look, she mustn’t able to see any differences.

----- Must like the original story as much as Eromanga-sensei.

----- Drawing skill must be better than Eromanga-sensei.

Plus other requirements that normally goes with a manga adaption.

That kind of artist could only exist in people’s imagination!

“Bad…it’s bad…..”

No matter how many artist candidates I brought, Eromanga-sensei didn’t accept any of them.

Also, for some personal reasons, Eromanga-sensei was in a bad mood. It really went from bad to worse.

It was a rare chance to get a manga adaption …at this rate it won’t get anywhere.

“Still….I want to respect Eromanga-sensei’s opinions ~~~ .”

I scratched my head in my room.

“So…what should I do then?”

I crossed my arms and closed my eyes, but couldn’t think of anything.

After a while, suddenly…

*Ding Dong*The doorbell rang.

“Coming ~”

I run to the front door and opened it. In front of me was Elf.

“…It-it has been a long time, Masamune.”

She was wearing her usual lolita clothing, with both hands behind her back. Somehow, she avoided looking directly at me.

“Elf. It hasn’t been that long actually, didn’t we meet during that match --- what’s wrong? Aren’t you going to come in?”

“Er…You….Aren’t you….angry?” She looked up at me.

“What are you talking about?”

“….You see…after that match….about….”

“Ah, gezzz!”

What are you talking about --- Was what I was thinking when Elf suddenly bowed.

“Sorry, it’s my fault.”

“…….”

Faced with this sudden development, I couldn’t manage to say anything, and my eyes widened.

Elf looked up with an honest expression:

"Back then, I didn't think it through --- I only found out about it later….! It was interesting for me….but not to you and Eromanga-sensei! So, sorry! Please forgive me."

What an honest apology. She is still a straightforward person as usual. I couldn't help but laugh.

"What a virtuous girl. Alright, really, cut it out. To tell the truth, Eromanga-sensei was the same as you – she was happy. So I should thank you instead."

Facing a strong opponent, Sagiri tried her hardest – and learned new skills, and reached a higher level. Not to mention that she could almost see her mother again through Great's drawing...so moved.

"…Are you forgiving me?"

"Although I'm still angry with you because you threatened Eromanga-sensei's career as an illustrator – but still, there were a lot I should have thanked you for, so we're even."

"I see."

I felt that I didn't make myself clear enough, but Elf is sharp enough to figure the rest out on her own. She nodded in satisfaction. And ---

"Fu ~~~~~~ It's good then…ah…."

She put a hand on her chest, there were tears in her eyes.

"I wouldn't know what to do if you hated me…I was so worried…Well, actually, I was only worried a bit."

Seeing that she had recovered back to her usual state, I also didn't hesitate and told her in an attempt to hide my embarrassment.

"You worry about it too much."

"Of course I did! You love me the most out of everyone, after all."

“I’ve hated you since the moment we met!”

“Eeeeeeeeeee?”

Elf looked very surprised – did she think that I didn’t hate her?

Didn’t she remember how bad our first meeting went?

“Still…now, I like you more than I hate you.”

“!”

“That’s why we are friends. What happened didn’t affect our relationship.”

“….Ah, I see! You hate a part of me!”

Elf crossed her arms across her chest, looked away.

“Yup.”

“Hm.”

Affection points dropped – which is something the gamer Elf would usually say, but how much you like or hate someone can’t be expressed so directly.

There were a lot of parts to hate and to like that is normal. Love is complicated, like “I like this part of you, but I hate that part of you.”

It’s impossible to not hate any part of someone. If that situation existed, then that person is no longer a friend, no longer family, and no longer human.

That’s why people take time to carefully consider before saying that they “Like” someone.

So that after a fight, they could make up with each other

“…Still, while you yourself is too good, but if something threatened what you considered important, you will immediately treat it like enemy. Even a reincarnation of love and kindness goddess like me is no expectation. You have to give it some thought, otherwise it will turn into conflicted and misunderstanding.”

“…I will carve it into my heart”

She was right. I also agreed that I was too cautious with anything that threatened Sagiri, even more than was necessary.

I don’t plan to change it anytime, but I do know about this side of me.

“Oh right, right. As an apologies, today I made candy! Macaron[8]! Of course there is a portion for Eromanga-sensei too!

Her uneasiness disappeared, and Elf returned to her usual self.

I also “like” this part of her.

“Oh, thank you! Then let’s eat --- also, I have something I would like to talk to you about.”

After that, I led Elf to the living room. While she prepared tea and candy, and we had a discussion.

“Fu ~ I see – in other words, right now you can’t continue without an artist that Eromanga-sensei approves, right?”

“Yes. I don’t think that there is anyone who can fulfill Eromanga-sensei’s requirements.”

“Any way” Elf gracefully smiled “Congratulation about your manga adaption and reprinting.”

“Ah…thank you.”

It felt so unreal, to think that someone I knew would praise me like this.

---

[8] **http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Macaron**

A reprint of a new serial novel, and our first media adaption ---

Our dream could continue to grow.

“Let’s keep up with this momentum and reach the anime stage!”

“It would be great if I could! But saying that now is too soon.”

“Then use the royalties from the anime to buy a new house! Ah, I know! Let’s merge your house with mine!”

You’ve already treated my house as your own for a long time now, I thought.

“It’s too soon, you know?”

“On the internet, I heard that you have prepared an anime script?”

“Stop with the ridiculous rumors! How did it came to this --- was it because of the unmask death match?”

“Right right. Actually, although that match was mine and Army-chan’s idea --- the result was a very good promotion, and your novel gained some benefits too. Many would think that this is the foundation for an anime.”

“……While you are partly right, but you are still wrong.”

Everything you said is only right IF my novel is really going to be made into anime. Don’t push it onto a lowly novelist with poor sales like me. It could only be used with a novelist that has high sales.

The reason things turned out this way was all due to coincidence and my editor’s influence.

“Hm? So your novel really isn’t going to have an anime version? In that case, you need to make sure your manga adaption turns out perfectly.”

“Yeah….” I firmly nodded.

Eromanga-sensei also said that this would have a great effect on our dream.

“I’m also looking forward to it too. This is the first time one of my light novels will be adapted into a manga.”

“Still, you couldn’t find manga artist that could satisfy Eromanga-sensei’s requirement.”

“Really…. All candidates were rejected….ignored editor’s anger…. Eromanga-sensei is probably aware that those requirements were insanely high….and felt depressed because no one could satisfy her….so…I think…maybe we should….”

“Should do what?” Elf told me to say the rest ---

“ --- I think we should………”

After hearing my solution, Elf’s eyes widened.

“You! Are you serious?”

“….talking with me is a right choice that you made…alright Masamune, next, just follow what you said.”

Elf seriously pointed at my face, and said:

“Now – immediately tell*your idea* to Eromanga-sensei.”

Leaving Elf in the living room, I brought the macarons to the second floor. Standing in front of *the locked room*, I called to my little sister:

“Sagiri ~ Elf brought a snack. Let’s eat inside your room, shall we?”

The door slightly opened with a *creak*, and Sagiri’s face was half revealed.

“Don’t wanna.”

She cutely shot me half a glare.

"……………Then….let's eat while talking via Skype?"

"….Hm…don't wanna."

She pouted….it looked like a tantrum again.

Well, considering that not only was the manga adaption giving her lot of stress, many of her fans were stolen away, of course she would threw a tantrum. It looked like Macarons alone wouldn't be able to restore her mood.

"…Also, I need to talk to you about the manga adaption."

"…….."

"Sa, Sagiri?"

"…. I have nothing to say. Do whatever you please."

"…No no, don't ----"

"I said I have nothing to say!"

She yelled, then looked down, and muttered:

"Really…Recently Nii-san keeps talking about manga adaption this, and manga adaption that…."

"..If you like the manga adaption this much…then go and get married to the manga adaption."

"Yes?"

How the heck did it come to this? I totally don't understand Sagiri at all!

"Eto….just now…."

"Don't, don't say it!"

Sagiri immediately blushed and looked away. Before I could say anything, she raised her voice again and interrupted me.

“I have nothing to say to someone who likes the manga adaption more than me!”

“Alright! I won’t say anything anymore! Forget everything I said, okay!?”

Finally, I managed to calm her down.

“…………”

With teary eyes, Sagiri nodded.

What the hell….why did it look like I was bullying her?

“Anyway….in short, Sagiri – Eromanga-sensei doesn’t want to get a manga adaption?”

“….I never said that. And I don’t know anyone with that name.”

She never said that – true, her words were “If there is no suitable artist, then I don’t want a manga”. But an artist that could satisfy Eromanga-sensei’s requirements simply doesn’t exist.

In short, it was the same as saying she doesn’t want a manga adaption.

“I see.”

How troublesome.

Because of one’s desire to create the best story, because this is the favorite story, no compromises would be given and trying to find someone to only follow the original idea – was making the process harder – something like this wasn’t all that strange.

It was the same in writing light novels. If more than one person took part in writing, when someone gave up and said “It can’t be helped”, the story will became boring.

"I see….."

But if no one said "It can't be helped", then the story will never be finished. They can't all keep stubbornly following their idea. Someone will have to give up at some point.

This is reality, one of the reasons that bad outcomes can happen when writing a story.

When I write a story, when I face my readers, I always write with "No compromises. I will write the best masterpiece with my idea!"

But even with that though, I ended up compromising a lot.

"It can't be help then."

So I turned to Eromanga-sensei and told her what I planned to say.

"Let's give up on the manga adaption."

That was what I told Elf a moment ago.

"…….Eh?" Sagiri said: "….Just now, just now…what did you say?"

"I said let's give up on a manga adaption." I gently repeated what I said.

"How, how could it be!"

"Er…no need to be so angry…and don't be mistaken…I only say that if we couldn't make a manga adaption that fit Eromanga-sensei's wishes then it's better to forget about it."

"…..But….but…dream…our….dream."

"Even without the manga, our dream could still come true. There have been cases of a light novel skipping a manga adaption and going straight to an anime."

"….Ah…u…."

Sagiri turned as pale as a ghost, and her body slightly trembled.

Maybe she felt that because it was her fault that our manga adaption could never be made – and blamed herself. I quickly began to remove her guilty conscious:

"Don't worry about it! It's nothing, really! You see, because we beat Army, our first volume's sales skyrocketed! This is a good start for a new novel! Much better than a manga adaption!"

I squatted down, and put my eyes on the same level as my little sister's.

"So, don't worry about it. Let's keep doing our best on the coming road."

"I-Idiot!"

Once again, I had to put up with her abuse at point-blank range.

"…………"

My eyes widened, and I blinked in surprised.

"Izumi-sen…" Sagiri paused midway, shook her head furiously "Nii, Nii-san…why do you…always….always…."

"Always pamper me so much!"

"---------"

She yelled, with a voice like she was about to cry.

"It's clearly…I'm the one at fault here…I'm….wrong…..I should…I shouldn't be so selfish…Nii-san…you don't have a reason to give up…"

"……….."

My eyes were opened wide, and my body was stunned. I never thought…Sagiri would say that.

"……….I see."

Although her words were fragmented, I understood the emotion behind it.

"………….."

"…………."

We looked at each other without saying anything.

"I get it – Eromanga-sensei."

I breathed out and relaxed myself.

"I take back my plan to give up on the manga adaption."

"…Um."

Sagiri patted her chest, and breathed a sigh of relief.

"But it will be very hard. I truly think that if we can't make a manga adaption that fits Eromanga-sensei's wishes then it's better to forget about it."

"So…I said…."

"All manga artist candidates I suggested earlier – you found them all unpleasant, didn't you?"

"……………………………."

"Speak the truth."

"………..Yes, I don't like them."

"I see."

She doesn’t like any of manga artist candidates that I suggested.

She also doesn’t want to give up on the manga.

How frightening capriciousness. Normally no one could say that, this is something only a child would say.

But I was happy.

…It felt great to hear Sagiri’s true feelings.

Because she is my little sister – so she could ask her brother for anything.

“Then I will think of something!”

I slapped my face and smiled

“I won’t give up on the manga, but I will fulfill Eromanga-sensei’s hope at the same time! Let’s do it!”

Just leave it to your brother!

“…Nii, Nii-san…”

Wah…Sagiri was looking at me with tears in her eyes.

Then suddenly she seemed to snap out of it:

“So, so I said …don’t pamper me so much…don’t be so gentle to me!”

“No.”

I mimicked her pose and shot her half a glare.

“Eh? Eh?”

“I won’t do that. Don’t think that I will do anything you said. *Why do you pamper me so much* -- because I’m happy! I like to do that – I can’t follow your request to treat you hastily. How about order yourself that then.”

“That…that is…too difficult.”

“Of course – so you see, I’m not just your pampering brother.”

“………….Mwu.”

Sagiri didn’t look like she could accept this answer. After a moment of silence, she raised her head.

“Then…Nii, Nii-san, what are you going to do?”

“Of course I will find a manga artist that fits Eromanga-sensei’s requirement to help.”

“…But…someone like that…doesn’t exist.”

“Yup….this is the problem…which I just had a conversation with Elf about.”

I thought back to Elf in the living room.

“You see, she’s had a few manga too, how about asking her?”

“Hmm….hm….Elf-chan again.” Sagiri muttered.

“What did you just say?”

“It’s nothing...say....Who drew Elf-chan’s*The Expurgatory Flame of Dark Elf* manga?”

Eh? Ah, it should be --------- Yes.”

“...? Nii-san?”

Sagiri looked at me, her eyes widened. But I was trying to remember.

“.........................”

--- ---- Drawing must have a similar style and must be able to fool Eromanga-sensei unless she takes a closer look.

--- They must like the original story as much as Eromanga-sensei.

--- Drawing skills must be the same as Eromanga-sensei or higher.

Ah, now I know.

“Yes…yes! Maybe….yes…there is someone….”

The next day, I immediately went to meet this “suitable person” at her home.

Of course, I had told my editor Kagurazaka-san about it. After I told her my intentions via phone, she said --

“Ahaha ~ yes, “that person” would indeed fit Eromanga-sensei’s requirements….However, “that person” is a problem child, I don’t really want to meet her unless it is an emergency situation….But this can’t be help….then, Izumi-sensei, please go talk with her. At least you will have a better chance than me.”

I thought so too. It would still be hard, but we had no better choice. Hopefully she would agree.

She is the one who could turn *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* into a manga.

She is the manga artist who fist Eromanga-sensei’s requirements.

Who is she, you ask --?

“You want me to draw a manga?”

Just as you probably expected, she is the beautiful genius illustrator, Eromanga-sensei the Great, Army-chan.

Since we were enemies just a few days ago, I didn’t think about her.

…Now looking back, there was no one who could be better than her.

She, who once called herself “Ore-sama”, who tried to defeat Eromanga-sensei, defeat Sagiri…If I could convince her, our side would be a hundred times stronger.

Army was still raising her slanted eyes, and pointing at her face. Today she wore belly button-revealing clothes.

“Yes, it’s the case. Please accept, Army.”

In the tablet, Eromanga-sensei repeated what I said:

「It can’t be helped then. Can you do it with the reward we proposed? 」

…Still pretending now?

You aren’t really good when it’s came to lying. Everyone could see that you wanted to say “I don’t want anyone else to do it….unless it’s you, then maybe I can made an expectation.”

…This was how Eromanga-sensei true feeling as the original illustrator.

By the way, we were sitting in Army’s living room. In front of me and Eromanga-sensei were Army and Elf.

“Wait, wait! You can’t! You can’t do that!”

Elf said in panic.

“I knew that you two were troubled because of the manga adaption …but I never thought you would set your sights on my Army! You can’t! You never told me this yesterday!”

“If I told you, you would try to stop me.”

“You knew, yet you still did that? You-you…as soon as you are together with your little sister….really….! Ahhhh really!”

“I’m talking with Mistress Army at the moment, please be quiet, Elf.”

"How could I be quiet! Army-chan is still working on my *The Expurgatory Flame of the Dark Elf*, not just as an illustrator, but also as my manga artist!"

"Yes, yes. Also, anime character design and copyrighted illustrations are my work too. I'm also drawing game CG at the moment."

Illustration. Anime. Manga. Game --- everything used Army's drawings.

That was even more unbelievable than a middle school student who wrote a novel that had more than 100,000 sales.

Because "a person who is both an illustrator, a manga artist and a light novelist" or "a person who is both an illustrator, an animator and a musician" was so beyond humanity, so in reality they are all wonderful….

No matter what I said, Army-sensei is a person who could do anything by herself. As expected from someone who is nicknamed a "Multi-talented artist"

And that was also the reason we came here.

"Alright! You heard that? Right now Army-chan is very veryveryvery ~~~~~~~~~~~ busy! She couldn't accept your request! Understand?"

"…Ack, Elf, although you say that…."

「The defeated Army, do you dare to accept drawing this manga? 」

Today Eromanga-sensei was trying to tease her.

Hearing our question, Army put a finger on her chin, and answered seriously:

"Hm ~~~~ let's see…if the condition is good then I might agree."

"What is with that attitude? What about my *The Expurgatory Flame of the Dark Elf*?"

Elf slammed her hand on the tablet.

She had been angry for a while. Well, I could understand her reasoning. It looked like I owed her an apologize later.

Army turned to Elf and showed a full canine tooth smile:

"Don't worry Emily, I still have free time."

"Are you kidding me? You really are a monster."

I agreed. Even I was surprised.

I was worried that Army-sensei was now very busy and she would use that as her reason to refuse me…who could have thought she had free time?

She could draw anything, her drawings are very good, and she could work with anything….what the hell…

Should I say she is incredible or outright broken….if she didn't have her annoying quirks, she would be the strongest illustrator.

"Yes, even if you still have free times, we are at the anime stage, which is very busy! You shouldn't take on more work! Do you have a reason to pick on me?"

"Yes ~ I have, I have ~ a lot"

"A lot?"

Elf's eyes widened in surprised.

Army began to count with her fingers:

"First, Emily looked so cute when jealous about me. That made me happy."

"What?"

Army turned to Elf:

“Next, I’m Izumi Masamune fan. **Sekaimo** got a manga, I’d like to do it myself.”

「…Hm….you only like Sekaimo though….」

Eromanga-sensei kept up her insult. Facing the tablet, Army answered:

“Although it was the case, but after reading **Sekaimo**, I tried **Silver Wolf** and **Black Sword** too. All are good. I think I could *put my heart into drawing* for them.”

Black Swordis the name of my debut novel.

--- My Eromanga Flash could only be used on something I like a lot

Army was telling the truth back then.

If that was the case…then it’s great. I couldn’t help but smile.

“Masamune…..I have told you before, Army usually said “it’s good” to almost anything. What are you getting full of yourself for?”

「What are you doing?」

What Elf and Eromanga-sensei said wasn’t wrong either. Now wasn’t the time to get full of myself because someone praised my novel.

Army raised another finger:

“Third. Sagiri is my respected master’s daughter – she’s like a little sister to me. If my little sister had a problem – of course I would try to help.”

I could accept this reason.

She added another finger:

“Fourth. Through this job, I can gain *a chance of revenge*.”

“What do you mean by that?”

"Before I answer this question, let me say something else – Sagiri, you deserved your victory."

Army told Eromanga-sensei via the tablet.

「Ah…..」

To get an acknowledgement from her "older sister"[9] who could draw a same drawing as her mother – is an important matter to Sagiri.

「…Um.」

I could tell she was biting her lips to hide her agitatation. Army said:

"I acknowledge you are the real Eromanga-sensei!"

「I, I don't know anyone with that name!」

While she was happy, she still acted embarrassed.

After a few moments, Army continued:

"That's why – while I lost to Eromanga-sensei, I still couldn't accept it. I'm still looking for a chance to get my revenge."

「….My fans….were taken away because of your live video…which is copied from mine….that was your revenge too huh?」

Eromanga-sensei said, her tone full of resentment.

"Yes! So two wins and one loss, this means that I'm still ahead of you --- well, saying that won't clear anything up. My feelings are very complex, I'm not going to feel at ease that easily."

Army smiled her usual canine tooth revealing smile.

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[9] **Imoutodeshi/Anideshi 妹弟子 - 姉弟子: Literal meant: A younger/older girl who study from one single master.**

“And so, this job! Kukuku….I will draw your manga, it will turn into a breathtaking masterpiece. If after reading the manga, fans said “It’s even better than the original” – then I will feel very satisfied! My regret in my last defeat will complete disappear. I will be reborn as a winner!”

“I can understand that!”

Elf, who was angry a moment ago happily joined in.

“That’s right! That’s right! Media adaption is a fight with the original itself! During the time when I made my *Dark Elf* anime, all managers and employees tried their hardest to made the best final product – to tell me

She raised her fist:

“Right now, my goal is after my anime ends, when we are having a party, I can pat the manager’s shoulders and tell him you tried your best”

I’m starting to hate you.

“Ahaha, a very Emily style!”

She made it like it’s just a matter of time before her anime became victorious.

Why are both Elf and Army so competitive?

Do they enjoy that feeling? Maybe that was right. When I battled against Elf and Muramasa-senpai….while those battle were very hard…it was fun.

Army showed us her raised fingers:

“Those are all of the reasons that made me accept drawing this manga – however.”

“?”

Her sudden announcement caught me off guard. I slightly tilted my head.

She stuck her tongue out:

"I won't accept this job for free."

"!"

I – and I think Eromanga-sensei too – opened our eyes wide.

"Hey heyheyheyhey – why are you acting so surprised? I was your enemy not long ago. While I'm not your enemy now – don't think that I will help you for free – only a stupid light novel author could flirt with an enemy at a time like this!"

"Wait a sec! You meant me didn't you?!" Elf interrupted. I ignored her.

"But, but you…didn't you say Sagiri is like a little sister to you….and you wanted to help her?"

"So ~ I'm going to ask for payment ~"

Army made a circle with her hands. [10]

"Of course, I don't mean just money. You have to pay more than that if you want your enemy to help you."

"As long as I can, I will do anything."

I immediately replied. Aside from Army, I had no one else to turn to now. If even she refused --- then the manga that Eromanga-sensei asked for could never be done.

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[10] **http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-RcHUKe3nKDM/VLx_gwSS-KI/AAAAAAAAACY/hz9awJwwTck/s1600/hand-ok-sign-isolated-18601697.jpg: Probably a gesture asking for money in Japan.**

「…Nii, Nii-san…」

“Don’t worry, leave it to me – Alright, Army. Tell me, what is the payment that you speak of?”

“Hehe, don’t be surprised!”

She walked to me, put a hand over my shoulder.

“Anyway….”

She whispered into my ears:

“Let’s improve our relationship first, Masamune-kun ♥”

Her final words sounded so much like a normal cute girl. So cute.

“See? See? The look on those two’s face when I put a hand over your shoulder and said “I wanted to talk in private with you”! Kyahahahaha! What a masterpiece!”

“Listen to me! What are you trying to do! What if Sagiri has a weird misunderstanding?”

This was ten minutes later. I was walking on toward Shinjuku together with Army. Elf wasn’t here, and my communication with Sagiri was also cut off.

After what happened ----

Without explaining anything, Army suddenly yelled “Let’s go” and pulled me by hand. While Elf looked displeased, she also seemed to understand what Army was trying to do and did nothing.

“Prepare yourself…we will go from a request to another in the way.”

“Where exactly are we going to? And by request, you mean….”

“Kekeke, you think that I only had one request? What a pity, but you have to make me satisfied. For now, I have two request.”

Army raised two fingers toward me.

By the way, she changed her clothing into a bright color jeans and boyish clothes before going outside.

“Just two requests. As long as you fulfill them, I will help your manga adaption.”

“Re-really?”

“I will keep my promise.”

That’s how it is.

After she was defeated by Eromanga-sensei, as promised, she revealed her bare face.

“Ready? Then my first payment – request: **From now on, flirt with me when Emily is present.**”

What’s with this request?

“…Could it be that you like me?”

“As a friend.”

I see – well, each of us already has someone we like.

“Then why?”

“I want to see her jealousy. I wanted to tease her, taunt her” Army suddenly said. “Then she will pay more attention to me.”

Hearing that, I felt all the strength leave my body…

“You…you….”

“You understand, don’t you? You are a boy after all.”

“Kuh….”

Yes…even though I have accepted my role as an elder brother ---

I still wanted Sagiri to get jealous for me!

“While I understand your intentions…what if she hate you instead?”

Are you an elementary school kid?

Army waved her hand without worry:

“Don’t worry don’t worry ♪. Emily is the type who will get closer after stuff like that happens.”

As expected of a childhood friend, she understood Elf very well.

“But Elf is very sharp, what if she figures it out?”

“Emily is a big idiot, a bit of acting could fool her. As long as your method is right – so I’m counting on you ♪”

“About Sagiri…”

“If you tell her, then we are done.”

“Why? Shouldn’t we only keep it a secret from Elf?”

“*A secret between two people*feels more realistic, right? Don’t you want your little sister to feel jealous too?”

“…..Gr…”

“Alright, that settled it. Even if your little sister asks you “What happened, Nii-san”, make sure not to reveal anything.”

“….Mwu.”

I don’t really believe that I could, but since it directly affects the fate of our manga, I have to try…

“Anything else? Where are we going?”

I do know that since we are walking toward the station, we are likely going to board a train.

“Of course to satisfy my second request – to your house.”

After we boarded the train and arrived at the area close to my house, and Army began to take a look around.

“He ~ we are still in Tokyo….but this place…seems different from Shinjuku.”

“…You don’t have to force praises, you know.”

Compared to high class area like Shinjuku, my area is nothing. There aren’t any skyscrapers.

“I’m not saying it out of kindness, it is a nice place! It’s like a sightseeing spot, you know?”

“My house’s nearby area…the most worth seeing place should be anime’s holy ground, Arakawa ward. There are some temples around, during spring when cherry blossomed, it looked nice.”

“U, um ---”

Still, she happily listened to everything I said on the way, so we had a good time.

But she still didn’t tell me anything about her second requests.

Amelia Armeria

Eromanga-sensei’s anedeshi, Sagiri’s enemy. Walking side by side with her…felt so unreal.

“It’s like people said, going sightseeing with a local is better.”

“This isn’t sightseeing, this is just to get references.”

During our talk, we kept walking. Finally, we could see my house. And ---

“Ya, Masamune-kun, welcome back.”

Muramasa-senpai was waiting for me in front of my house.

Senjyu Muramasa-senpai is a novelist whose style is similar to mine, she’s also a famous author.

She was gracefully standing there in her usual kimono, with her cold emotionless expression

“I’m back. Umm – senpai, what’s up?”

“Congratulation on your second volume’s finished manuscript. I came to read it a bit sooner.”

“Ah.”

I see. So that’s why she came.

Muramasa-senpai glanced at Army:

“Say Masamune-kun, who’s this girl?”

“Hey…you don’t know me? For real? I’m super popular among video website right now! Even more than some famous Youtubers.”

“No idea.”

Muramasa-senpai cut her answer short. It was a waste of time to try to show off to her.

“Senpai, could it be – you haven’t watched the unmask death match?”

"Yes? The stuff around your little sister? I heard things turned out well, so I didn't – and I don't even know how."

"I see. Muramasa-senpai still isn't used to technology."

She couldn't even get to a video website and perform a search function…

How strange…she could even write sci-fi…

"But I'm worried, you know…if your new novel couldn't continue, it would be a problem…not to mention…."

She blushed, whispered:

"…If my future little sister-in-law couldn't draw anymore…."

Wh-what are you talking about, senpai…really..!

Feeling my face getting hotter, I introduced Army to senpai.

"This is the one behind Eromanga-sensei the Great, Army-sensei. While it isn't set in stone yet, the manga of Sekaimo is probably going to be drawn by her."

"Pleased to meet you! Just call me Army-chan!"

Army came forward and patted senpai's shoulder.

It was similar to how Eromanga-sensei likes girls. Probably an influence from their master.

"Ah…I see…you are the one from back then…I'm – Senjyu Muramasa, a friend of Masamune-kun."

Still her usual coldness, but she did introduce herself.

"Senjyu Muramasa-chan huh? Got it got it, I heard that you are Izumi-sensei's mistress, recently you are head over heels in love and have begun to write a love story ---"

“Nya!? Mistress --- Head over heels in love!? Someone said that about me?”

Her calm expression changed into panic. She looked at me, while I averted my eyes.

“…It was a rumor…don’t worry about it.”

“But this rumor exist? How, how….”

She wouldn’t care about anything anyone else said, except when it is comes to love and erotic stuff. Army continued:

“Since you wore such erotic bikini in his room, you must be his mistress, right?”

“So you saw me!? Forget it! No, no, I should kill you instead….!”

“Ouch!”

Before Army could say anything, senpai tried to strangle her.

“Army, following that logic, means Elf is my mistress too.”

“Stop her before lecturing me! Her eyes said she is serious!”

That was the first meeting between Senjyu Muramasa and Army. Quite an interesting combo.

After showed them my living room, I asked Army again about why we came here.

“It’s about time for you to tell me. What is your second request before you accept drawing my manga?”

“When I said I wanted to visit your home, you already had an idea, didn’t you? The second requests can’t be done without meeting Eromanga-sensei directly.”

"….You mean face to face? Without using skype?"

"Yup, face to face. Otherwise it would be meaningless."

"………."

"What is with your scared expression? I'm not going to do anything to your little sister ~"

"Then tell me: what exactly are you going to talk with Sagiri about?"

"Of course it is --- "

Army playfully closed an eye:

" – Do discuss how to make an interesting manga."

Sagiri will never, ever went come out of her room. Normally, she wouldn't allow anyone to enter *the locked room* either.

Well – this time could be counted as a special case.

…Anyway, I'm glad that there is one more person who could meet Sagiri directly. I think…this is good for her.

But before I walked toward Sagiri's room…

"Wait a moment, Masamune-kun."

Muramasa-senpai called me. I turned back:

"Ah, senpai wanted to see volume two of Sekaimo, right? I will bring it to you…."

"It's not that."

She shook her head.

“I have heard about your situation. Can I listen to your discussion about the manga of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* too?”

With Eromanga-sensei’s approval, we entered *the locked room*and began our discussion about the manga adaption of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*.

Attendees included me, Eromanga-sensei, and Army-sensei.

“Why are you here too? Aren’t you only going to listen?”

Somehow, Senjyu Muramasa-sensei entered too.

I sat side by side Eromanga-sensei, and in front of us was Army and Muramasa-senpai.

“Making a manga version of Masamune-kun’s novel…is very important to me. Don’t think of anything strange, as a fan, I have my duty to watch this happen.”

That was her reason upon entering.

“Those words could be applied to Muramasa-chan’s manga adaption too. Because you didn’t participate in, *Fantasy Blade*’s anime was completely different.”

Fantasy Blade Legend -- one of Senjyu Muramasa’s hit novels that was made into anime recently.

“Those are two different things!”

Senpai countered Army:

“I only know to write. I can’t do anything else, and I have no interest in doing anything I don’t want to. If it differs from the original then both the manga and anime of *Fantasy Blade* - in my opinion don’t deserve to exist.”

“You’re right. Then don’t say anything while we are talking, it’s not like you can say anything useful anyway.”

“Like I just said, it was a different thing. Listen carefully, manga artist – as a big fan of Sekaimo, I understand it better than you.”

“….So what do you want?”

“Do exactly like I say.”

“See, Masamune, Eromanga-sensei….this is the crazy original lover.”

I already knew it.

This senpai of mine, in order to force me to write a novel in her preferred style, she once personally tried to destroy my current novel.

To be honest, she is not only an original lover – she is also a famous novelist, so I do think that her opinions should be worth considering.

Not to mention that Eromanga-sensei agrees that, as a creator, the most important requirement is that you put everything in it.

“…………”

After we entered the room and had a little talk --- there was someone who still didn’t say anything.

That was Eromanga-sensei – Sagiri.

“……Umm…Ah….”

It’s not like she was displeased and didn’t say anything. She just couldn’t break the barrier and enter our conversation.

Seeing that the Muramasa-senpai & Army’s discussion was getting hotter, I raised my voice:

“Attention please! Eromanga-sensei has something to say.”

“……….” *2

Everyone stopped and turned to stare at Eromanga-sensei.

Sagiri crossed her hands in an X shape:

“….It-it was a bit hard to say.”

I see…sorry.

Sagiri winced…after a few moments, she finally said:

“….Is it true….that meeting me directly to discuss how to make an interesting manga adaption – is one of the requests Army made before agreeing to help us?”

“Ah, yes. I wanted to meet you directly to have a talk. Sometimes people find out that there are differences between how they, and others view a story. If we could agree on a foundation, then I think I can accept this job.”

She was right…but I don’t know how much of it was her true feelings.

What was her true intentions?….I should keep my guard up during this discussion.

“…Got it.”

Sagiri nodded. She was probably thinking the same thing.

“Then let’s begin.”

“So…what would we talk about?”

“It is a rare chance for you to meet your future manga artist, do you have anything to say? Clear the air – then we can begin.”

“Good idea manga artist! Then me first!”

The original fan immediately raised her hand.

Both Eromanga-sensei and Army shot her a blank expression

"…Hey, Masamune…don't you think that she's annoying?"

"Don't-don't say that! Just listen to me!"

The original fan...no, Muramasa-senpai said in a serious tone:

"There are lots and lots of scenes that I like in the original Sekaimo novel! Everything is perfect without fault! That is how its manga should be! This is not only mine – but all of Izumi Masamune-sensei's fan's wishes!"

"…Yeah, the fans of the original novel would probably say the same thing. I will try to follow it as closely as possible."

Army sat down, crossed her leg and started playing with her toes. Probably her habit when thinking.

"Still, it's impossible to put everything in the novel into manga…It's a different media after all, so there will be part that just can't be adapted, beautiful parts need to be shown in a different form in a manga --- well, this is a test for the manga artist's skill too…."

"Hey….could it be…you are…..planning to….cut parts out of the original?"

Muramasa-senpai is so scary. Her aura of darkness was as terrified as the first time we meet. Even Army was scared.

"Umm….by the way, Muramasa-chan….if I have to give up on one thing during the adaption…then it should be fine if I give up on the original, right?"

Her eyes were now empty, Muramasa-senpai answered:

"If you, have no choice….then I will cut you to pieces too…right hand, left hand, right leg, left leg….where will it be?"

"None of those above!"

“Do you get it now? Then make sure to keep everything…Do you get it? Do you!?”

“Masamune! This girl isn't an original fan anymore, she is an idiot original fan!”

I knew something like this would happen.

Also, I realized something else:

Maybe it is better for Senjyu Muramasa-sensei to not take part in supervision. Otherwise, things would be more difficult.

Looked at darkness surrounding Muramasa-senpai, Army said:

“Sorry, what kind of manga it will be – is based on mine and the original author’s decision. Unrelated personnel please stay quiet for now. After reading, acclaim ‘it is good’ later with an emotional tone.”

“I will kill you if it turns out to be bad.”

“Alright ~ I will make you say ‘it was as good as the original’ later.”

Sparks were flying between Army and Muramasa-senpai.

Then Army whispered to me:

“Listen carefully Masamune…just now is how you handle a stupid original lover who just doesn’t listen.”

“While what you said isn’t wrong, I kind of like readers like her.”

Because in the end, an original lover is just a reader who really likes the original story.

Even though I couldn’t just listen to their opinions when writing a story, but I couldn’t completely ignore them.

Some of them might send me a letter.

Some might go to a photograph event.

Some might stand behind me, and support me.

“It was fun…to talk with Muramasa-senpai about our novel.”

“Me too!”

Senpai replied in a child-like manner. I could almost image her as a puppy who is wagging his tail.

“Me too…I also…really like talking with Masamune! So I won’t hesitate to spend my entire monthly allowance to come here!”

She didn’t sound like a novelist whose sales exceeded a hundred thousand…but I was happy.

And then…I felt someone tapping their finger on my knee.

“Yes? Er…do you have something to say? Sagiri?”

Sagiri whispered directly into my ear:

“….Did you call us here to flirt with Muramasa-chan?”

Like hell!

“I-I did not! That….that …that was…!” I tried to explain in panic.

While I wanted to say “I only like Sagiri!” – but because of my panic, I blurted out before thinking carefully.

“Sagiri! My Eromanga Flash will only shine for you!”

“Nii-san you pervert! What are you talking about?!”

Like there was a nuances of ecchi expression, Sagiri blushed furiously. Army quickly interrupted:

“Hey you over there! Don’t use my master’s final hidden meaning as a code word for erotic acts!”

“I didn’t!”

“You, you! What are you talking about? Is that something impure?”

Chaos erupted in the room.

“Aahhhhhhhhh! Eromanga is not something perverted! Sagiri, quick, give them an explanation!”

“Yes yes….just like Army-chan said…Eromanga is an island’s name.”

Sagiri gave her usual explanation. However, Army said:

“Huh? Hey hey Sagiri --- what are you talking about? Isn’t Eromanga a small town’s name?”

“Eh?”

“Eh?”

“……………………Wh, What is going on?”

“…………………What is going on?”

Eromanga-sensei and Eromanga-sensei Great.

Little sister and older sister.

The origin of the name – Eromanga – that they knew was different.

“Wait…a second. Sagiri….who told you what you just said?”

“Mom said so! She said 「Listen carefully, Sagiri. My penname Eromanga is an island’s name」. She even said 「Absolutely, absolutely! It’s not a shameless penname --- your mother is not a pervert ---」”

From what she said, Sagiri’s mother tried her best to explain.

“And, and you?”

Sagiri asked Army.

“During my first meeting with Master ---“

“Hi ~ Amelia-chan ♪ please to meet you ♥”

“……Ah ~……..Miss Porncomic?”

”I don’t know someone with that name!”

“--- Ha! No, no! My penname is, is not meant to be a porn comic! That, that – yes, yes! A town! It is a small town’s name!”

“…………Small town?”

“Yes! Its name is 「Plain where the hot air blows」, a small town in Australia! That was where my penname comes from.”

“…….Really?”[11]

“ ----- It was basically that.”

Crap.

I…I seemed to have learn of something I shouldn’t have.

The “Eromanga” part of Eromanga-sensei …………………..could it actually mean Erotic manga?

“Say Masamune, which one do you think is right?”

“What do you think, Nii-san? ….I think it’s an island’s name.”

---

[11] 熱風の吹く平原 **(Neppū no fuku heigen) – I have absolutely no idea if that town actually exist or not.**

“Whatever is fine! There is no need to dig any deeper!”

“Eh? But…” “Don’t you want to make it clear?”

“She is no longer with us, so there is no way to confirm its meaning! Let’s get back to our discussion regarding the manga adaption, alright? Alright?”

Why the hell do I have to clear the mess of Porn Comic-san!?

Goddamn it…I had no choice but to bring this secret with me to my grave for the sake of my little sister!

“Then let’s return to the main topic.”

Army recovered and addressed us:

“Eromanga-sensei, don’t you have anything to tell me?”

“….It…there is nothing….”

On her knees, Sagiri’s hands clenched into a fist.

“Oh? Is that so? When I said I will draw your manga – deep inside, is that really okay with you?”

“……………..I feel….that you can.”

“I see. Then I refuse this job.”

“!”

Sagiri immediately raised her head:

“Wh-why…..?”

“Because you are lying --- like I said, I planned to make an interesting manga. Your lie would only make it boring – I don’t want to work with someone like that.”

She was serious.

“How, how could it be….”

Sagiri paled, and looked like she had taken quite a blow.

At the same time, Army gently spoke in an announcement-like tone.

“Sagiri. Don’t be afraid of my views, just speak your true feelings. If you don’t do that, I can’t draw an interesting manga, nor could it help my little sister~”

Ah…Now I finally get it.

I understood Army’s intentions --- what a difficult to understanding girl.

The reason she clumsily took the role of an antagonist and made requests after requests.

She could made as many requests as she would like, but she didn’t.

“Let’s make an interesting manga together! Let’s draw happily! Let’s draw with all of our hearts! If your heart becomes clouded too much, then you wouldn’t able to do it! I will help you! But if you don’t want to, just say it!”

Not because of any other reasons.

Because she is Sagiri.

Because she was about to draw our manga. Because she wanted to see our manga’s readers.

While it is true that she wanted to make Elf jealous, she was serious too.

“When you came to me and asked “Let’s do it together”…I was very happy. Are you going to disappoint me now?”

Thinking back, it was exactly like she said.

She always brought us troubles, but her motive was full of love.

“Then…”

Eromanga-sensei lowered her head. Then she loudly raised it up.

“Then! I will say it!”

Without using the headphone, she shouted:

“I hate this manga! This is Izumi-sensei and I, it’s…our product! This is ours! We alone could do it! I don’t need anyone else! I don’t want anyone else to touch this! No matter who…no matter who…”

…So that is what she thought.

“However…!”

Sagiri lowered her head again, and tried to speak:

“However…”

Her hands still clenched into fists, she looked up.

“We couldn’t do it with just the two of us alone!”

Tears began to flow out of my little sister’s eyes, and she continued:

“….Without everyone’s help, *our dream* will never reach the readers….since the beginning, we had to ask many people for help…to fulfill it….Even if it is no longer just our dream alone….I still want to make it real…so….so….I have been thinking….I was so confused….my heart hurt….even now…I didn’t know myself…”

“I see….”

Army’s serious expression disappeared. She looked like a gentle older sister who was smiling and listened to her little sister’s trouble.

“That’s why…I…I made those requirements for a manga artist…”

----- Similar drawing style. Unless she took a closer look, she mustn’t be able to see any differences.

----- Must like the original story as much as Eromanga-sensei.

----- Drawing skills must be higher than Eromanga-sensei.

“I really, really didn’t want to…I hate it so much…but for our dream, I need a genius like that.”

That was the reason Eromanga-sensei threw a tantrum.

That was the reason she would not yield those requirements.

“Understood. Thank you for telling us your true feelings.”

Army nodded deeply.

“But in that case, everything is fine. I totally fit in your requirements.”

She firmly said. We could felt her confidence.

“Really?”

Sagiri looked at Army:

“Army-chan, I have something important to ask.”

“Go ahead. As whatever you like.”

“………Do …do you ….really like the original?”

A very straightforward question.

“I do. Didn’t I said I’m Izumi Masamune’s fan?”

“….Indeed you did.”

“Huh?”

Army’s eyes widened. Sagiri slowly picked her words:

“Army-chan, you became Izumi Masamune’s fan a bit too fast….not to mention…didn’t you said you are a realistic type illustrator?”

“Yes I did. That’s why --- I was troubled for a long time because I couldn’t 「put my heart into drawing」.”

“I don’t really trust your version of what you “like the most”.

“Isn’t my Eromanga Flash evidence?”

Unless I truly like something – I can’t put my heart into drawing.

That was what she said.

“I don’t mean that you are lying to us. But I felt….there is something missing if you asked me to hand over the original to you….If you really like Izumi-sensei, then I want to see some --- evidence of how much you like him.”

“Like this?”

Chu

Army kissed my cheek.

“Ah! Aaaaa ~~!”

Sagiri and Muramasa-senpai went berserk.

“Manga artist, so you do want me to kill you huh!”

“Not like that! Not like that! Not like that! I, what I meant is…not Izumi-sensei himself….! Ohhhhhh!!”

“It was a joke, a joke ♪, right Masamune?”

“Even, even as a joke, don’t ----“

I put a hand on my cheek, my body still froze. My face was so hot

I have absolutely nothing for Army – but that was too surprise.

My heart was racing! Damn it, what you just did….it should only be used in front of Elf!

“Your reaction is amusing, heheh.”

She looked very calm for someone who just sneak attacked me.

“Well, to tell the truth, I do like …er? Masamune? Yes. Masamune’s novel? Yes too. But --- if I have to prove …mwumwumwu, what should I do then…”

She tapped her chin in thought, before muttered something.

“Actually, I like everything.”

She picked up a book from a nearby shelf, said:

“For me, there is no bad book in the world. In my opinion, there are only 「interesting books」 and 「very interesting books」.”

“!”

Hearing that, Muramasa-senpai knitted her brow.

“There are no interesting books, so I have to write one myself” – Army’s view was the complete opposite from senpai’s.

“From anime, illustrations to everything, the world is full of wonderful things. The sky, the stars, music, city, nature, humans, and animals – I like everything. And the special thing is I find even the most mundane thing beautiful. A normal, old building. A crappy drawing that a kid made in the street…everything…is wonderful…If I stood on the balcony here and looked to the distance, I feel like I will be moved to tear.”

Army looked down in embarrassment, and continued:

“But….it seems like others don’t think that way. They don’t feel what moves me. When I saw something amazing that made me cry, they thought I was a weirdo. They thought I was a strange kid, they even once sent me to the hospital for a checkup…Since I was small, I always felt frustrated because no one understood me….I felt pity for everyone…”

Army looked up at Sagiri:

"And then, I began to draw."

"…………"

Sagiri listened to her older sister.

"My dream…is letting my drawings show everyone how wonderful this world is. I threw myself into training. Thanks to that, my drawing skill got better and better. But then, I hit a roadblock."

"What the heck! I totally don't get the 「amazing」 thing that people are talking about!"

"Thinking back, really! Whatever I saw or heard made me feel 「super amazing」,「so interesting!」 and 「pretty」. But no one understood me! Why is it so different? What do people call this? Personal opinion? Anyway, I didn't felt the same as they did, so outsiders called me 「what a freaky drawing, it has no soul」 or 「Just like a drawing made by a machine」 and tons of harsh comments."

I had heard about it before. It was Elf and Army's first meeting.

Hearing it again really pissed me off, I truly wanted to kick whoever said that.

"…In other words, Army-chan, it's not like you have no feelings."

"Instead, your feelings are much stronger than normal, so only you could feel it."

"Because my views are different from others, no one could share my feelings."

What an amazing ability, but it is also a curse.

"

"And then…what happened?"

Somehow, Sagiri had become deeply submerged in Army's story. Maybe because she is also an illustrator, maybe because they are sisters --- maybe because of a similar experience.

Army looked into the distance and answered:

"My first savior –"

"It's great that you like a lot of things. Then --- among them, you should be able to find something you *especially like>…It will surely help your dream."*

" ---- Yes, that was what I was told. Back then, I didn't understand…now, I only understand a bit of it."

"….."

Maybe she noticed that topic was drawing, Sagiri smiled slightly. Army continued:

"And then, my second savior told the me when I was depressed that ---"

"This girl in your drawing had no soul."

"But don't worry. So what if it's not good enough."

"You said you are worried because you couldn't do it? Then leave it to me."

"I will add a story to your drawing! I will give life to the girl in your drawing!"

"Together, let's move the all of humanity!"

"And that was how I first able to move others. They finally said 「amazing」, 「interesting」. I finally showed them how wonderful this world is. Although it wasn't just my own strength…but even so…no, especially because of that, I was so happy….Now, I'm only able to stand here in Japan thanks to that chance."

I myself didn't have such a hard time like her…but I could understand her happiness.

Creating a story together was fun. You won't be able to stop even when you know you are addicted.

"Well, I have spoken too much. It's embarrassing, so please forget about it."

Army scratched her cheek in embarrassment.

"…Yes, it was a bit sudden for me to become Izumi Masamune's fan. Just like how I could easily say 「I like it」 or 「it is interesting」, my word don't have any weight. It's indeed hard to prove myself. I could understand that you don't want to give me something so important…however…"

She looked directly into Sagiri's eyes.

"For me, drawing for this story is something I especially like Making a manga of a novel created by the children of my important person – for me, it is something I *especially like*. Is that….still not enough? How much *like* do I need? ….Is that still not enough to let me take care of it?"

"…………………"

A long silence from Sagiri ----

"The manga is going to have a showdown with the original, right?"

She raised her right hand:

"I will definitely not lose."

" ------ "

Army's eyes widened, then...

"Ah! I won't lose either!"

Their fists slightly bumped each others.

"If you leave the original to me, then the manga version of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* is my responsibility. This time, I Amelia Armeria challenge the original! I will make the best manga --- better than the original!"

They shook hands. Spark were flying between them, but they looked like a good pair of sisters.

Eromanga-sensei and Eromanga-sensei the Great.

The strongest tag team was born.

エピローグ

Epilogue

“Nice timing, Mune-kun, take a look at the light novel corner, it’s my pride and joy!”

December 10th, after school.

I came to the Takasago’s bookstore.

In front of me was the light novel corner. The novels that the poster girl – Tomoe – recommended were placed here in all their glory.

Takasago Tomoe – my classmate, someone who knew my identity “Izumi Masamune”, who is also my close friend. A girl with a beautiful black hair.

She likes light novels very much. Every month she has to read dozens of books.

All nearby light novel fans couldn’t hold a candle to her. She’s got quite an influence in the Adachi ward.

Tomoe’s recommendation corner is the crystallized of her efforts, a very helpful assistance for anyone who is looking for an interesting novel.

"Considering that we are friends, can you please put my book on that list?"

When I asked her that, she always replied:

"No, no. If you want me to put your book on my list, write a super good novel that can move the reader."

And she refused me.

One day, I will make this friend of me say “It’s interesting”. One day, I will make her ask me “Please sign your book in our store.”

That was once my goal.

"This week's recommended list has your newest novel."

"--------"

Now, right in front of me – I had reached that goal.

Three months ago, September 10th, Izumi Masamune's *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* volume one had gone on sale.

Today, volume two was here, in the middle of the recommended list, in the most eye-catching place.

Noticing my surprise, Tomoe who was thrusting her finger at me a moment ago smiled wryly:

"Mune-kun, what's with your expression?"

"It's nothing…but I'm really surprised….Tomoe usually gave my novels a strict review."

"Ahaha, because I'm a fan of Senjyu Muramasa-sensei. Seeing your novel with an almost similar writing style, I don't really find it interesting."

"…Ack."

I knew it. That was the reason my novels couldn't sell well enough.

"Umm…that…."

Tomoe coughed twice then said:

"Izumi Masamune-sensei, your newest novel is very interesting."

"Is that so….?"

Seeing my doubt, Tomoe smiled:

“Yes! In my evaluation, you could win against Senjyu-sensei in a romantic comedy genre novel.”

“Th-that much!?”

I never thought I would get such a high evaluation.

“Then please sign your book in our bookstore ♪”

“Right right…hahaha, sorry, it’s embarrassing.”

To let someone I know outside of my job read my novel – it’s embarrassing. Not to mention that I was told “It’s interesting” directly. I didn’t know how to react to that.

“Hey stop, don’t blush! You are making me even more embarrassed!”

Tomoe crossed her hands over her well-endowed breasts and shook herself from left to right.

“Right, right Mune-kun.” She tried to change the topic. “Over there, look over there.”

Tomoe pointed at the light novel corner.

There, among many new light novels, there was another magazine amidst them.

“Monthly Comic Magical”

A familiar little sister with a displeased expression on her face was printedon the cover.

The first chapter of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*, manga version.

“Congratulation on a serial! It’s amazing, becoming the cover like that! I have read it carefully! What a wonderful adaption of a light novel!”

“Thank you. Still, the reason the manga’s successful is not because of me.”

“No no, the manga existed because of the original novel.”

That was how Tomoe the light novel lover saw things. Even though the manga was finished because someone put a lot of effort into it ---

I shook my head.

“This is the effort of Eromanga-sensei and Army.”

“Mwu, you mean *Army-chan* – the current famous illustration online huh.”

“Yes yes. She is super famous now.”

“If that is her drawing, then Sekaimo’s manga version will indeed attract attention, but her drawingsare good…As expected of Army-sensei.”

“I know, right?”

“But…what is with Eromanga-sensei? Isn’t she just your illustrator?”

“I will say it beforehand. During the process to make this manga, Eromanga-sensei was the one who drew more than anyone. To tell the truth, her drawings are even better than Army-sensei’s.”

“Eh? Hey, what is going on?”

“Well…Eromanga-sensei and Army-sensei took this manga adaption as another showdown.”

Just like you already know, while the one who wanted to have this showdown was Army, but Eromanga-sensei eagerly returned the favor and things turned out this way.

About the discussion regarding the manga adaption, she fully used Skype to contact others, and even held some meetings inside *the locked room*.

She raised objections about the manga’s character design, and made numerous solutions for each one.

She even drew a mountain of manga references. Even I was worried that she was doing that because she was angry.

--- I hate manga!

Sagiri had said that before. That was her true feeling.

No…exactly because of that…she pushed herself to work hard on the manga adaption.

She competed against her "comrade" with the best of her ability.

"I will only say a short version…but the manga of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* actually many of its pages came from Eromanga-sensei."

"Eh? Eromanga-sensei draws manga too?"

"Yes. She said *"If you couldn't make a drawing like that, then just let me take care of everything"*. Her eyes were serious…she was serious…"

"Wow, the illustrator herself took care of the manga, what a perfect development!...Then what happened next?"

"She got a sound beating from a professional manga artist."

"…Oh~"

Of course she would! While at first glance, an illustrator and manga artist aren't really that different, but they are still two different works! Their skills and knowledge requirement are different, not to mention that Army-sensei is way more experienced….Of course she wouldn't win.

Army-sensei said "Don't look down on manga" and showed Eromanga-sensei what true skill is like. Then she said "Let me tell you why your manga sucks" and gave a three hours long lecture.

Still, because of that Eromanga-sensei gained valuable experience in manga drawing.

That was how Eromanga-sensei's I-will-draw-everything-myself fight ended with total defeat.

"I see – I understand everything."

Tomoe took the magazine and turned a few pages.

"Army-sensei used the penname Eromanga-sensei the Great in order to have a properly showdown."

"Is that so? Eromanga-sensei truly fell for it, she was really angry."

"In this magazine, they included Eromanga-sensei's colored illustration too."

"Well…"

"When it came to the manga, of course colored pages will use my drawings!"

"Hah! First volume and we've already became the magazine's cover page! Okay, I want to draw this too!"

"Eh? Army-chan already drew it? I knew nothing about that! I want to draw!"

I thought…she was joking. Who could have thought she did draw.

Of course under the current circumstance, Eromanga-sensei's illustration couldn't become a manga's cover page. But it was printed as a congratulations from the original artist.

"Idiot! How could I let *my manga* have a cover page drawn by the original artist! Are you an idiot!? Idiot!"

“But! But! This is *my character*! Ohhh ~~! I want to draw the cover page! I want to draw I want to draw!”

“Original author! Say something! Say something to your idiot little sister!”

Such a chaotic scene felt so familiar now.

“Seeing them treat my novel like it was *theirs* -- as the original author, I’m very happy.”

“Ah, right.”

My feelings expressed itself with a smile on my face.

The best manga could only exist thanks to the two Eromanga-sensei.

Leaving the Takasago bookstore, I bought what I needed and returned, with two supermarket bags in my hands.

“Wahwah ~ it’s so cold.”

My body couldn’t help but tremble.

Every years, during autumn, Kantou’s area is always this cold.

On the street, I could see numerous decorated trees and cake advertisements.

In front of the station, there was a shop which was broadcasting a Christmas song…this is time for people to hold hands with their significant others and talk about what gift is better.

“…It has been a long time.”

I breathed out a white smoke.

"In the last few months…a lot has happened."

September, my new novel was published.

Next was the challenge from Eromanga-sensei the Great.

During the unmask death match, Eromanga-sensei scored a nice victory against Great – because of that, our newest novel became a hot topic.

After that was my first mass printing since my debut.

"Haha…even I can't believe it."

There were a few reprints – now, after three months, it has been reprinted five more times – but saying that might not actually help anyone to understand.

In short, it sold very well. Worthy of a celebration.

In the last part of September, I had my first adaption – a manga. Although there was some troubles with trying to find a manga artist…but today, the first manga chapter is already printed in the magazine.

Beside, my second volume is also being sold!

"It is worthy of a celebration!"

I grinned and looked at the clear sky of winter.

Yes.

Today – not only was today the publishing day of my manga and my novel. There's something worth celebrating even more.

Today, December 10th….is Sagiri's birthday.

--- My little sister's birthday.

"Alright…I should hurry up."

I began to walk faster

Dad and mom are no longer with me…I only have her as my family.

The first time since *the locked room*opened, my first *little sister's birthday*

I will give it everything I got! Everything! I will not let my little sister have a cold, lonely birthday again!

Yes! I will give her a surprise!

--- And so, while I had made up my mind, there was a problem with this plan.

That was the fact Sagiri is a hikikomori.

Thus, we could only celebrate inside *the locked room*. I had no way to decorate the place beforehand.

And while my little sister is a hikikomori, but when I went to school, she could freely go outside. Go to the first floor, check the refrigerator and other things.

Still, even if I wanted to prepare for a party, I couldn't skip school. So after school I had to go get my pre-ordered cake, ingredients for food – and then brought them all back home.

"A birthday party between siblings! Sagiri! Your brother is coming home!"

Today is a cold day, but my heart was burning like a raging fire.

"I'm home!"

Clang I rushed into the home.

--- Welcome back, Nii-san.

My wishful thinking didn’t come true.

When the first volume was published, Sagiri greeted me at the front door.

“….She didn’t come down this time huh.”

I-It’s not like I feel down or anything!

I put those ingredients into my refrigerator and prepared to decorate the living room.

“First is the classic!”

I used a scissor to cut paper into paper chain – then put it around the room.

“Fufufufu ~♪ Birthday ♪ A fun fun birthday ~♪ Decorate ♪ (heyhey ~) Dress up ♪ (hey hey ~) Make – a – cake ~ ♥(eh~) We'll make a delicious fried burdock ~♪”

I happily sang my mother’s “Birthday song” while preparing.

And then:

“………..Er…you, what are you doing?”

A cold voice rang.

“Uyah ----!?”

I was scared shitless and turned around in panic:

“Eh? Elf?”

There was a girl who was laughing in a lolita outfit-- Elf

“You, you….since when! Why did you entered my house without permission…?!”

“Hm, this house’s first floor is my territory already…Well, actually today I should have rang the bell…in order to avoid seeing my neighbor in such ridiculous state.”

“Ugh…”

Yes. Just now, from an outsider’s point of view, I did, indeed, look ridiculous.

“You were humming and singing a denpa song. Just now you looked like a girl who secretly watch moe anime at night.”

“You’re so damn annoying!”

Her word made me think of a certain character.

“Just now, did you sing the fried burdock theme song?”

“No! It’s aIzumi family secret passed from generations to generations – the birthday song.

“Ah, I see.”

Elf sighed in relief and asked again:

“So…what are you doing?”

“Don’t you see? I’m decorating for a birthday party.”

“No no, I already knew that…I also knew that today is Eromanga-sensei’s birthday.”

Eh? Did I tell her that today is Sagiri’s birthday?

A question mark popped up on top of Elf’s head, and she tilted her head in confusion:

“Then shouldn’t you do it in her room? She is a hikikomori after all – why are you decorating the living room?”

“Because this is a birthday party.”

I answered honestly:

“Today is the celebration for my little sister’s thirteenth birthday party. So it’s normal to decorate the entire house.”

“So you only want to satisfy yourself.”

“Can you please not make it sound like that?”

“Don’t misunderstand, I don’t mean to insult your beliefsabout your little sister. In someways, all religions are about being self-satisfied.”

“Don’t make my feelings about my little sister into a religion!”

“Religion religion – This is the moe little sister religion. Among numerous believer, you are considered the cardinal. Congratulations for the increase of believers.”

Elf took Izumi Masamune’s newest novel, volume two of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* out of her bag:

“I bought this at the bookstore in front of the station.”

The cover page was *a little sister in love*, a drawing born out of Eromanga-sensei’s Eromanga Flash.

“This time, the cover page did not appear on the screen, yet it still had a *cover page’s aura*! Even if the viewers aren’t a moe lover, they still have to agree that this cover page is a high class show of little sister moe! Thousands of viewer bought this novel because they were taken captive just from looking at this cover page….And I have to say, it’s not like I’m exaggerating, okay?”

“Right right….”

But it’s true that just a look will make your heart race – truly a splendid little sister illustrator.

Still, I never thought even Elf would praise it like that. As expected of Eromanga-sensei.

"Kufufu…I wonder if your story inside is worthy of this cover page?"

"Ugh…you add insult to my injury."

That was what I worried the most in the second volume – I feared that someone will say Izumi Masamune's novel is not worthy of this cover page.

Because that illustration was perfect. What a strange problem.

"I bet that people on the Internet will compare your story with the illustration like I did and almost faint!"

"..Why the hell do you sound so happy?"

"Come! Izumi Masamune! Read those comments about your novel on blogs and endure it! Then you will become a true light novel author who can stand beside me!"

Come! Come at me!

The Great Yamada Elf-sensei broke into insane laughter.

"No! I will definitely not look them up! No means no!"

"It doesn't matter. Even if you don't look them up, someone close to you will and tell you what they say --- just like the recent *self-erotic rumor*that was slowly made about Muramasa-chan."

"You are the culprit aren't you?! Don't let Muramasa-senpai see that kind of thing anymore! I feel sorry for her!"

Anyway, just like Elf said, no matter what happened, as long as a work is famous, its dark side will grow in number.

None of it has appeared in my life before.

Just like a manga adaption …It never happened before…many would probably show up later.

“In any case, what I have to do won’t change no matter what.”

“Ha ~?”

Elf chucked a bit. I pointed at the Sekaimo novel on her hand:

“This second volume – even I have to admit that this is the best I have ever written until now. If it doesn’t do well, that means God himself wants to kill me.”

I had said that before…after a novel’s manuscript was finished, there was still an editing period.

Both the editor and the author would be pushed to the absolutely limit. The irregular working order combined with the stress made it very, very hard for both of them. If some troubles occurred, there was a chance it could destroy everything.

Even after three years, I still couldn’t get used to it.

But even so, I had no choice but to do it.

--- Not because I could endure more hard work.

“If even it doesn’t do well, that means God himself wants to kill me.” --- I actually don’t have the right to say that.

I said that to declare my conviction. As long as I kept my conviction, even if I wanted to give up, even if I cried, I would stand up and keep going forward – crawling forward, if I must.

“I see.”

Elf looked like she understood what I meant.

“Then, I’m going to read it and have some fun – Izumi-sensei ♥.

She held my book on her chest in satisfaction.

“Since you made your conviction clear to me, as a token of good will I will remind you something. Masamune, now isn’t the time to leisurely decorate your house.”

“Hm? Yes? What’s wrong?”

“Why do you think I know that today is Eromanga-sensei’s birthday?”

Elf pointed at the ceiling:

“Today, since the morning, the video website has been broadcasting *Eromanga-sensei’s live birthday party*”

“------------“

I was shocked for a moment ---

“For real!?”

And then my legs had already carried me out of the living room.

“Are you kidding me!? I tried to prepare for it but the party had already started? What is the meaning of that, Eromanga-sensei -----!?”

Dadadadada

I rushed to the stairs – and stopped.

“Ugh….if it is showing live, then I shouldn’t interrupt.”

I gave up on going to *the locked room* and took Elf to my room instead.

I turned my computer on and opened a web browser. And then ---

“Eromanga-sensei ! Happy birthday!”

“Happy ~” “Happy birthday!” “How old are you?”

"Happy birthday to you!" "I've always been watching~!" "I like you a lot!"

The comment section was filled with congratulations.

It looked like this "Birthday party" was planned by Army after knowing Sagiri's birthday, then she asked Sagiri to join.

With Army taking the lead, many illustrators joined Sagiri in talking with their audience --

The birthday party was full of happiness.

"Ha…what the hell."

Seeing the live video…I felt at ease.

"She…there are so many people celebrating her birthday with her."

It looked like the birthday party for us siblings was not going to happen.

My little sister – is so famous.

Even as a hikimomori, even if she didn't go to school, even if she couldn't hold a proper conversation face to face… she had a wonderful birthday party.

I'm proud of my little sister…and a bit jealous too.

"Recently, her website's ranking among video websites had slowly recovered. *Everyone is still like Eromanga-sensei* is the foundation."

Elf put a hand on my shoulder to comfort me.

Then her cute face drew close to mine:

"Eromanga-sensei already has her fans to cheer her up, so…fufu, Masamune! Let us show our own Eromanga Flash!"

“Don’t make Eromanga Flash into something erotic!”

Really! What was she thinking!

“By the way, I’m not really sure myself, but what exactly is it?”

She must meant “what is needed to learn Eromanga Flash”.

“….Er….er….A hug?”

“Eh? Just that?”

I tried to ask too:

“Is there anything else?”

“Well, when I saw her during the secret training….I see…that was the incomplete version?”

“What?”

Don’t make it so confusing.

Since Elf’s sharp, I thought she might have noticed something.

“Based on Army-chan’s information, you need something much more than that to train Eromanga Flash.”

“Now you mentioned it, Sagiri said something similar…”

She said about how it needed more…or something.

“I did asked Army-chan what “more than that” mean, but she acted embarrassed and refused to tell me. It looks like this girl hasn’t done it either.”

“Why didn’t you push! You want to know, didn’t you! Ask how erotic that Eromanga Flash can be!”

“Okay, Masamune, think back about what you just said.”

Crap! I was too excited and spoke without thinking…

“If this was romantic comedy then yes, it’d be worth it to ask, but we are living in real life. We aren’t living in light novel. So what a pity, *The true Eromanga-sensei*won’t get you excited.”Excited how?

“Of course I know that!”

You don’t have to say so much….!

“Ha ~ ! Really…….alright, I will return to preparing the birthday party.”

I stood up with a *crack*.

“Isn’t Eromanga-sensei having a party with others right now?” Elf asked an oblivious question.

“People on the Internet can’t make cake or a meal, right?”

“And Kinpira?”

“Or Kinpira.”

Although everyone on the Internet took the first party… there was something only family can do.

Lots, and lots of thing.

“Just let her elder brother take care of that.”

“I see.”

Satisfied, Elf grinned.

“Here, for you.”

She took a beautiful box out of her bag.

“This is?”

“My birthday present. You --- give it to her for me.”

A birthday present…from a friend.

Just like a congratulations from fans…this is something an elder brother couldn't give her.

After that, I had my hands full with preparations. Not only the living room, I put decorations over *the locked room*'s door. I even made a small *Happy birthday* message board.

"Now I think about it, decorating the house is not a bad idea."

Elf didn't help, she just stood aside and gave me advice.

"Actually, I myself also like these*wishes from the heart*"

"Really? Don't you think it's troublesome?"

"If it is for this child then it should be fine."

Normally, when it came to cooking and stuff, as long as it's possible, Elf would do anything to show off her skills as a girl, but not today. While she brought a present, I couldn't see her intentions to join in this party.

….I think it was her intention too.

"When my birthday comes, make sure to congratulate me with your heart."

And so ---

It was dark now. I sat in *the locked room* in front of my little sister.

There was cake and hand-made food.

Although *Eromanga-sensei*'s birthday party had ended…

Sagiri's birthday had only just began.

“ --- And then, there was someone who saw my video and began to practice drawing…That person…today…gave me a drawing. Although that person has only been drawing for a year, but he is really good…I was so amazed. He must practice a lot…Because of my live video…that drawing could exist…I felt, I felt…unbelievable…I think it’s amazing…Heheh.”

“I see.”

Is that so? Everything in the world is so amzing.

Anyone who is in love would agree with me.

“Also, Army-sensei drew some new characters from Sekaimo. There was some modifications compare to the original…But everyone said that they like it…But I was a bit troubled.”

“I’ve seen it too. I think it’s good.”

“That’s why I was troubled…Mwu…Nii-san, you don’t get it.”

“Ah is that so – sorry sorry. Of course, I prefer your drawings to hers.”

“Hm…I don’t need your flattery.”

“It’s not. I truly think that.”

“Forget it. Also, there’s ---“

Sagiri was still talking with me about today.

About how everyone wished her a happy birthday…while she was talking, her expression changed from happiness, to anger, and then surprise --

“……”

One of my dreams had come true.

"Really, are you listening to me? …Nii-san?......Are you crying?"

I smiled and used my sleeves to wipe my eyes, and tried to hide my feelings.

"Because you are acting different, your elder brother was sad."

This scene – a family eating at the same table – how long has it been?

When we ate the cotton candy before, I already wanted to cry…but today I couldn't hold it in anymore. I really couldn't.

Making a meal, eating together, talking about random stuff. Sometimes quarreling.

All of them were trivial stuff, but it was truly irreplaceable.

People only became aware of things after they lost them.

Family is nice. Just…just being close to each other made people happy….Without them, it's so lonely.

"…So-sorry…I…I didn't…"

"Idiot. I was joking."

I put my hand on my little sister's head.

"Eh? Eh?"

Sagiri's eyes widened, and she blushed.

"A lot happened today with me as well."

I took my smartphone out and showed an image to Sagiri.

"I want to show you some of my recent ones. Here is my friend at the bookstore which sells light novel, she even made a special corner to sell

The Cutest Little Sister in the World. And since the manga has just started, our creativity is good, thus she found it interesting --- that's why…"

"………Heh…."

The image showed Tomoe in an apron, made a peace sign with her hand and holding a light novel in the other.

"This is Tomoe. Because she is a fan of Muramasa-senpai, she usually gives my novels a harsh review. Even when I asked her to move my novel into that recommendation corner, she never agreed. This time, Tomoe said *'it's interesting'*! Haha! I even made a victory pose!"

To defy the harsh reviews with one's own power felt awesome!

If that was Elf-sensei, I bet she would have boasted a lot! Like kneel before me or something.

But while I wouldn't say that, I still felt very happy.

"This bookstore girl…what big breast…what is her relationship to you?"

"My friend, my classmate! What else?"

"Hmmm ~~~~~~

"Ummm! Also ---"

Then I gave her the present from *her friend*.

"This is from Elf."

"------"

She was shooting me a suspicious gaze a moment ago, as if asking "*What are you doing, changing the topic in a panic like that*", but then Sagiri's eyes widened, and she was stunned.

"……….What's wrong? You look surprised."

"….Ah…Ah…I…never thought…."

"?"

"….I would receive…..a present from a friend…."

"Ah."

She didn't think that she would get a gift from a friend, so she was surprised.

Even though she is a hikikomori – someone who never leaves her room.

That was what my translation skills told me. What do you guys think?

"…Really….I don't know what kind of expression I should make."

Sagiri looked down, and muttered.

"I think just do it normally – alright, open it."

"Um."

With a *crank*, Sagiri opened the small beautiful warped box.

Inside werecolorful pens. All of them were covered in female characters from Elf's novel *The Expurgatory Flame of the Dark Elf.*

"Waa.."

"It really is something ~ I couldn't understand what she was thinking."

To give out a present covered in one's own work…she was very confident.

But, well, this is expected of her….this is not a bad choice, right?

"That is a nice drawing tool, Sagiri."

"Yes…I will treasure them."

Sagiri ~ cherished those color pens.

It's great…! She seemed to like it, Elf! I'm jealous of you!

"And this --- is from Megumi."

"From Megumi-chan?"

"Yes, yes. While she couldn't attend your live birthday party, and couldn't meet you directly… she said she will come tomorrow to wish you a happy birthday."

"I see….but why there are two of them?"

A question mark appeared on top of Sagiri's head, as she looked at the two presents.

One was something thinly warped, and one was a small square box.

"She said this smaller one came from your classmates."

Sagiri opened it as I said. Inside was ---

"…………Wow."

Simply put, there were messages from others.

"Izumi-san, happy birthday" "Come to school during the third term" "You definitely can get along with everyone" "Everyone is waiting for you" ----

"…………….."

With a loud *thud*, Sagiri immediately dropped down.

Hey Megumi! This one hadthe most destructive effect!

You…truly don't understand the feelings of someone who doesn't go to school.

"Ha…okay…how about look at the other presents? That was from Megumi herself – probably."

"…………..''

With teary eyes, Sagiri looked at *Megumi's present*.. Inside was a small….

"…Stuffed…rabbit."

It seemed like she got the perfect present for Sagiri.

"…So cute."

Yup, her mood immediately recovered.

"Um ~ how could Megumi know what Sagiri likes?

"…Maybe…when she came to my room…she looked around and noticed…."

It seemed like it was the only explanation.

--- Among the techniques to make friends, the most important things is you need to know about your target.

I take back what I said before. Megumi sure is amazing. As expected of someone with 500 friends.

After that, thanks to Elf and Megumi, Sagiri looked beaming with joy.

Thankfully ---- giving her those presents first was the right choice.

"…Nii-san?"

"Ah, um."

I was hiding "something" behind my back, desperately trying to think of some way to say it.

It's useless….I can't do it!

"Sagiri --- this is from me."

I gave her my present.

Due to my nervousness, I kept my head down so Sagiri couldn’t see my face. My hand felt the present disappear, meaning that Sagiri had taken it. Then the sound of tearing paper entered my ears.

“……….”

“Nii-san….this…is?”

I scratched my cheek, looked at Sagiri and answered:

“….A padded kimono.”

“…This is the first time I’ve ever seen one…there is cotton inside…fluffy.”

“Yes it is. When it’s cold, you could wear it as another layer outside…although I bought it instead of making it….and it isn't good-looking…sorry.”

“…Huh?”

Sagiri put it on.

“ --------- “

“…What…is wrong? It doesn’t suit me?”

“No no, it suits you so much… But I don’t know whether or not I should feel happy.”

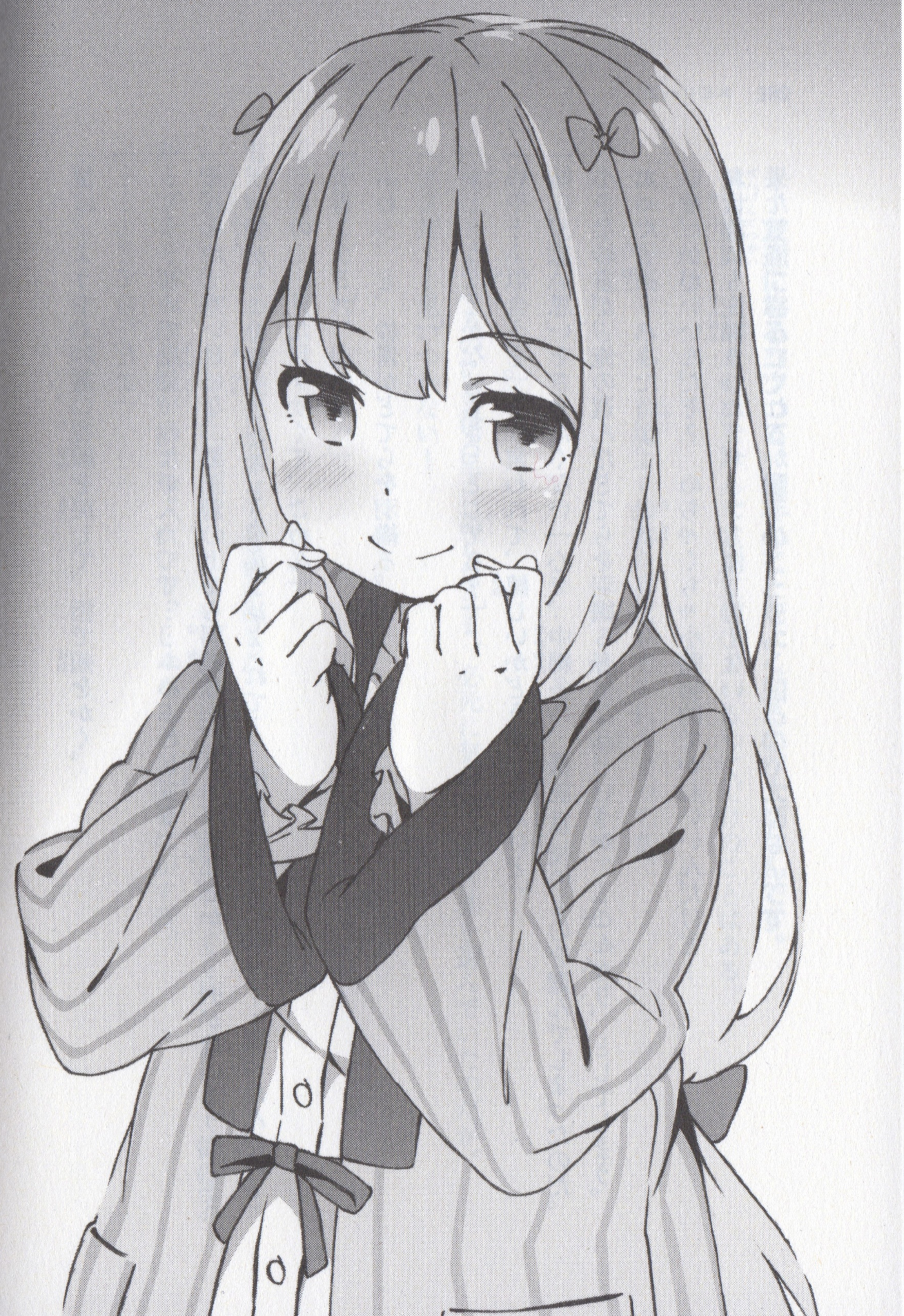
Because I don’t want my little sister to catch a cold, so I picked some clothes that could keep her warm.

The small Sagiri in big clothes…how should I put it…she looked bigger. Just like….a fat kitten.

I mean, she’s cute! A small animal-type cute!

But the design, even putting it politely, is too simple. I feared that Sagiri might not like it.

“Warm.”



Wearing clothes I bought, Sagiri smiled.

"….I'm very, happy."

"Congratulations on your thirteenth birthday, Sagiri."

"….Um…you too, Izumi-sensei….congratulations on your new book."

"Ah. Both my new book and my manga could only be completed thanks to you."

"…Um….it is not…something worth mentioning….because since the beginning….I have caused a lot of trouble…for Army-chan and Izumi-sensei."

"Haha, true, that was quite a mess."

"…However…that…hm"

"Anyway, all's well that ends well. Don't mention the past."

"…..U….m…."

"And then! Sagiri ---- Sagiri?"

"…………"

My little sister's whole body wobbled – then, like a switch had been turned off, she fell down.

"Hey…umm…"

I barely managed to catch her before she hit the ground and breathed a sigh of relief.

"…This time…It was truly….. hard for you…now it's over….you can finally rest."

Without waking my little sister, I picked her up.

She's so light. With such a small body…she still pushed herself to work.

To draw a drawing that could move people.

Even when she hated the manga adaption.

Even when she is a hikikomori, someone who's afraid of the outside world.

But she faced Army seriously without fear.

Even if Army is her adeneshi, they still don't know each other that well. That must be hard for her.

After so many conversations, so many arguments, so many opinions --

It must have caused a lot of stress on her heart.

She used to be unable to talk to anyone directly, she could only communicate with me via the banging on the ceiling ….to think she could endure until now.

The accumulated stress was not easy to disappear.

That's why I wanted to show her my appreciation.

She tried so hard just so her hikikomori self could finish her work.

"Really…you really are amazing."

I put my little sister, who had fallen asleep from being tired in the bed and dropped a blanket on her, and then gently patted it;

"Thank you for your hard work, Eromanga-sensei."